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"ALL BROKE UP."

THE ONLY CURE FOR A FINANCIAL SPREE.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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JAPAN AND THE POWERS.

THE civilized world has hardly recovered from its astonishment at the phenomenal successes of Japanese arms and statesmanship over the ancient power of China, which had been considered so vastly superior in resources of every description that Japan's warlike venture looked to many like an act of foolish audacity. We now see in the Japanese a people rejuvenated by a revolution which destroyed a superannuated feudalism without rendering inert the abilities of the old aristocracy, and put in its place a national state with representative institutions, calling into vigorous activity all the popular faculties, and opening wide all gates to the influences of modern civilization; a people full of national spirit, pride, and ambition, of extraordinary cleverness, and eager to win for their country an honorable and respected position among the nations of the earth. On the other hand, we see in the Chinese Empire a conglomeration of heterogeneous popular elements, ruled by a dynasty of intruders, governed through a decrepit bureaucracy moving in the ruts of an antiquated routine, and honeycombed with selfishness and corruption, one part of the country stolidly indifferent to the fate of the other, nowhere a trace of national feeling or aspiration, everywhere stupid fear of change, and a stubborn repugnance to the progressive influences of the world abroad. As the two countries have thus in this conflict revealed themselves, the success of the rejuvenated and progressive nation appears no longer surprising; nor can the sympathies of civilized men, unwarped by special interests, fail to be on its side.

But such interests promptly made themselves heard as soon as the victorious Japanese began to let the world know that they expected to reap substantial fruits from their victory. Considering the magnitude of that victory their demands upon the defeated enemy will not, by fair-minded men, be considered extravagant as the world goes. Their claim for war expenses to be paid by China in cash is not excessive. That they should have demanded the island of Formosa as a substantial addition to their domain and a material enlargement of their commercial advantages, and that they should wish to possess certain points of naval importance on the continent to fortify their maritime power, and certain territorial acquisitions contiguous to Korea to maintain their sphere of influence, cannot be called unreasonable. By insisting that the Chinese Empire should be opened more widely to commerce, they not only benefit themselves, but they render a very valuable service to every commercial nation in the world; and when it is said that the first and greatest benefit will redound to the Japanese themselves, nobody can deny that they are fairly entitled to it. On the whole, it must be admitted that in dictating their terms of peace the Japanese have certainly been as moderate and liberal as any nation pretending to a higher civilization would have been under the same circumstances.

At first it was rumored that Great Britain would be found to oppose any arrangement that would seriously interfere with the old state of things in China, and materially increase the power of Japan. But British business sagacity could hardly fail to see that British interest would best be served by enlarged freedom of trade, and that nothing would serve this enlargement in East Asia more effectually than the strengthening of Japanese influence in that quarter of the globe. The critics of Great Britain call this a selfish policy, but it is, in the true sense of the term, enlightened selfishness. There is only one power from which Japan has to fear serious antagonism, and this is the most selfish and unenlightened of all—Russia. The opposition of Russia to Japanese aggrandizement is characteristic. Russia wishes to extend her power in East Asia. She wishes especially to possess, in connection with her trans-Siberian railway, an "ice-free" harbor. She can obtain such a harbor only by further territorial acquisition southward. There she finds Japan occupying the territory ceded by the treaty of peace in her way. Therefore, Russia contends, Japan must not have that ceded territory. That Russia cannot claim that ice-free harbor on the Korean coast by any title of right is readily admitted. That her claim to it is not nearly as good as the Japanese claim to the territory conquered by war is evident. But Russia must have that harbor because Russia wants it; and therefore Japan must not have the ceded territory, although she has won it by war and treaty with China, because it is in Russia's way. This is Russian reasoning.

There is nothing more grotesque in modern history than the support given to this Russian pretension by Germany and France. The commercial interests of neither Germany nor France are in the slightest degree threatened by the advance of Japanese power; on the contrary, as that advance makes for greater freedom of trade in East Asia, it is the obvious interest of Germany and of France to favor it. In point of fact, the attitude of Germany and France as to this business is not at all determined by their commercial interests in East Asia. It is determined entirely by considerations touching the European balance of power. France still pursues the fantastic scheme of a Franco-Russian alliance to be eventually turned against Germany. She therefore cajoles Russia. Germany is intent upon drawing Russia away from France; and Emperor WILLIAM dreams of a "Three Emperors' League" to control the destinies of Europe. And thus he cajoles Russia too. But neither in France nor in Germany is the support of the Russian anti-Japanese policy popular; and if Russia should proceed to hostilities against Japan, she would soon find that her august allies, with all their professions of friendship, would leave her to fight her battles alone.

That the United States maintain a position of absolute neutrality is, we trust, a matter of course. But whenever the question arises to which side we should give the moral weight of our sympathies, we should never lose sight of this fundamental point: Our sympathies, together with our interests, will naturally be with progressive civilization, which means freedom of commercial intercourse. We may look for freedom of commercial intercourse with Japanese Asia, with British Asia, perhaps even with Chinese Asia, much sooner than with Russian Asia. The Russian policy will run in the direction of arbitrary exclusion or restriction so long as Russia remains what she is now.

THE THREATENED VICTIMS OF THE SILVER MOVEMENT.

THERE is to be a meeting of the opponents of silver monometallism at Memphis, Tennessee, on the 23d of this month. It will probably be a gathering of representative business men of the South, with some persons of like sentiments from the North and West. The call for such a gathering is an event fraught with encouragement and hope. Secretary CARLISLE is to make the important address, and they who know him best have reason to believe that this is to be the beginning of an earnest effort on his part to redeem his section of the country from the grasp of the demagogues who have been profiting politically by the recent spread of the fiat-money propaganda. If it is true that he has set himself to the task, he has undertaken a work of difficulty, made the more onerous by reason of the license which the free-coinage men have thus far enjoyed. The opponents of silver monometallism are beginning a stern chase, but Mr. CARLISLE'S influence and power are so great in Kentucky and Tennessee, and, indeed, throughout the South, that there is already reason for hope that the Secretary will not stand alone. The sentiment of the business community of the South will be with him, and that sentiment has already been echoed in local newspapers and in the speeches and interviews of politicians who are shrewd enough to understand that in the long-run the people of this country come to a realizing sense of their own interests; that in business the interests of the merchants, the bankers, the farmers, and the wage-earners are identical; and that when the time comes when all men understand that free coinage means silver monometallism, and that that means disaster and ruin to those who have goods or services to sell or debts to pay, the politicians who have been riding on the crest of a soft-money wave are very likely to be engulfed forever.

The intelligence of the country is about to engage in what ought to be a struggle to the end with the greed of the silver-mine owners and the advocates of fiat money. In this struggle the producers of the country, and especially the farmers and the wage-earners, will eventually be the determining forces. That their decision will be against silver monometallism is reasonably certain, for their interests would be more disastrously affected by the adoption of a free coinage system than those of any other classes in the community. The question is whether they shall learn this at once through intelligent discussion, or years hence from their own ruin, and amid the desolation of the country upon whose general prosperity their own depends.

The farmer has been sedulously and cunningly appealed to by silver advocates. He has been victimized by men who have played upon his misfortunes for their own profit. He has been listening to the argument that by the adoption of silver monometallism money will be rendered cheaper; other products, consequently, will be dearer; and that debts will be scaled so that the debtor will pay to the creditor a sum that will purchase less than the same sum was able to purchase when it was borrowed. This dishonest argument is addressed to the farmers as if they were the debtors who would be helped. But they are not. The debtors who would be helped are the speculators, the gamblers in grain, not the growers, the men who do business on "call" loans, not the men whose debts are represented by mortgages on their farms. The payment of such debts constitutes an inconsiderable percentage of the total transactions of the year. At least ninety-seven per cent. of those transactions consist of the purchase and sale of property. And in these transactions the farmer's products constitute much the greater bulk of those that are dealt in. He has been told that if silver were coined as gold is he would receive a higher price for his corn, wheat, and cotton. This might be so, but he would then also pay a higher price for his agricultural implements, his clothes, his horses, his cattle—for all that he buys.

He has been told that if commerce suffered many vicissitudes, owing to the disturbance of exchange between this country and the gold countries of Europe, as a consequence of our becoming a silver monometallic nation, he would not be the sufferer, but that the losses would fall on the shipping merchant and the banker of the East. But the farmer himself is our greatest merchant. His products make three-fourths of our annual exports. He receives for them the price that is paid in foreign markets, less the cost of transportation, of insurance, and of the uncertainties of the markets. The farmer pays for every suspicion of our currency system, for every complication in exchange. The man who ships his grain and sells the bill of exchange against it knows the money market, because he keeps an hourly watch upon it, and he protects himself against all contingencies. The farmer is helpless in his hands. What the farmer needs is the simplest currency system and the best money that can be devised. His wheat or cotton should bring to him dollars that are as valuable in themselves as his own crops, and he ought to struggle with all his strength against any system that will leave him at the mercy of the men who deal in money. Among the evils of which he now complains is the commission or profit of the man who stands between him and the consumer or the shipper. If silver monometallism, which will be the result of free coinage, prevails, he will have to pay another commission—that of the man who deals in the fluctuations of money, and who makes his profit from the ups and downs of our currency. Prices will not rise by reason of the additions to our money, but because our money is cheap in itself. Disturbances will come because the value of our silver money will fluctuate. The effort to add money to our present stock is expensive. In the last issue of the WEEKLY it was shown that the country has already actually lost $156,000,000 on the silver it has purchased under the acts of 1878 and 1890. This vast sum has been expended in a fruitless effort to maintain the price of silver for the benefit of the mine-owners. The loss must be made good by the tax-payers—for all the money that the government possesses comes from the tax-payers, and the farmer is a most important tax-payer. It ought to be his policy to stop these expensive experiments in money and currency, and to insist that the government's money shall be as good as that which will be paid for his wheat in London, not to him, but to the exporter, who will have paid him in silver, if silver monometallism triumphs.

Another point which the farmers ought to consider is that most of their mortgage debts are overdue, and that as soon as the country goes upon a silver basis the mortgage creditors will demand payment. They will demand immediate payment, because they will not take the chances of loss by the further depreciation of silver. The sheriff will be the busiest man in the agricultural regions of this country when the silver dollar becomes the single standard. And doubtless among the most eager creditors will be some silver Senators, who have always inserted in their mortgages a clause giving them the right to demand gold.

Much the same considerations govern the wage-earner as the farmer. He also needs, most of all, a simple system and a sound dollar. He is the

first to feel the evil results of a financial complication. The farmer and the wage-earner have suffered most from the business disturbance of the last two years. That disturbance resulted from doubt and uncertainty as to the future of our currency. Its consequence was a decline in business and a falling off of opportunities for wage-earners. It would seem as though the object-lesson of the last two years ought to be a sufficient warning of the evils of the single silver standard. If the mere threat of its coming could produce so much trouble, what would its actual adoption accomplish?

AN ILL-TIMED PROPOSITION.

THE adoption by the Assembly of New York of a petition to Congress and of a resolution in favor of the annexation of Canada by a unanimous vote would, if it had any significance at all, be a cause of consternation on both sides of the border. A proposal of union with Canada, if made in due form, would be a serious affair, and it is a relief to find, from every expression of sentiment both in Canada and in the United States, that no one considers the action of the New York Assembly as having any significance whatever. We certainly are not prepared to annex Canada. Canada, for good and sufficient reasons, does not propose to join the United States.

The reasons on both sides are perfectly clear to any one who knows anything about the situation. In Canada two races which do not assimilate, the French and the English, are having some trouble in getting along together. The French are Catholics, and cling to the religious privileges guaranteed to them by the treaty which made them British subjects. As France no longer sends out colonists to re-enforce the strength of her children in Canada, the French Canadians look forward with some apprehension to the time when the sceptre of power in the Dominion will be wrested from them by the steady increase in numbers of the English. But when they are made to understand that the United States could not sanction their exclusive religious privileges, whatever motive they have for favoring annexation would disappear. If the English Canadians feel any desire for annexation they have shown a control of their feelings which the Assembly of New York might wisely emulate. They are indifferent to the advantages of the proposed union. While the Canadians naturally object to absorption into and annihilation by the United States, we, for our part, object to any further unwilling accessions to our population. We have not yet satisfactorily solved the negro problem, we have been worried by the necessity of dealing with a few thousand Mexicans in New Mexico, we piously hope that we have got rid of the Mormon question in Utah, and we have several millions of recent additions to our alien population to assimilate.

The present time is especially inopportune for such propositions. While our government is engaged in the delicate task of trying to avert British intervention in the affairs of the American continent, it is the acme of absurdity for any legislative body to attempt to interfere in the affairs of a British colony.

FIGHTERS NOT WANTED.

AN Ohio Republican newspaper nominates Governor MCKINLEY for President because he is a "fighter." It says that "an army needs fighters; so do political parties." Therefore Senator ALLISON, who is a man of peace, who has no "fire in his words, no iron in his political life or conduct," is not to be thought of. As to MCKINLEY, he is asserted to be "a fighter, a natural leader, a NAPOLEON in politics, barring Moscow and Waterloo; a SHERIDAN, who charges with desperate vigor; a SHERMAN, who sweeps the country before him; a GRANT, who, without uniform or ceremony, hunts the enemy and whips him."

We fear that there is a good deal besides late-in-the-evening rhetoric about this. It is quite likely that a large number of the readers of this Ohio newspaper will be led to believe for a time that a "fighter" is a good kind of President to have. But these people are, of course, Republicans, and will vote for any Republican candidate who is nominated. They would even vote for the fireless and ironless ALLISON if he should be their party's nominee, and would be brought through the discipline of regularity to accept his sturdy sense and his accurate knowledge of affairs as admirable substitutes for the alleged pugnacity of Mr. MCKINLEY. But the next election will be decided by independent voters, the elders among whom began to grow weary of "fighters" about twenty-three years ago, and their numbers have since then grown so greatly that they have elected Presidents at least in 1884, 1888, and 1892, and perhaps before.

If the Republican party is to nominate a "fighter," it had best be careful that the "fighter" is arrayed on the right side. The Ohio newspaper says that "the next President will be a fighting Republican." That depends. As matters stand, the names Republican and Democrat convey no clear idea of the principles and purposes of those who bear them. The suggestion of the Ohio newspaper, therefore, compels the inquiry: "Under what banner is the valiant and pugnacious Governor MCKINLEY to do his fighting?"

Mere fighting will not do. A President in a constant state of rage, thrashing about without object or purpose, hitting every head that shows itself, would not be a pleasant object to contemplate, and while it might add to the gayety of other nations, it would sadden our own countrymen both at home and abroad. Four years of a President in a towering rage, fighting Democrats for an occupation, would not only grow monotonous, but would not give the country the good government that it ought to have and for which it has the right to hope.

It is probably not as a fighter in general that Governor MCKINLEY is recommended for the Presidency. He is expected to fight for one or more causes. So far as we know he has never fought for any cause with great vigor except that which is embodied in his own tariff act. But the country is done with that, and wants nothing more of it. On the other absorbing cause of the day — that of finance—he is a "suspect." Mr. MCKINLEY may, indeed, be a "fighter," but aggressive activity and pugnacity on the wrong side are worse than inactivity and absolute indolence.

On the whole, we are inclined to believe that the country wants a man of peace, a man who will think calmly, clearly, and correctly on the problems that will be brought before him, who will not try to disturb the business interests of the country, and who will do all in his power to give us a sound monetary system. It would be much wiser if Republican newspapers and politicians should devote themselves to looking about for such a man, leaving its "fighters" and its "fire-alarms" and its "gallant generals" on the shelf, where they can do no harm. Moreover, it behooves the Republican party to be exceedingly careful in its selection. It has not yet won the election of 1896, and the assumption that it can win under the leadership of a "NAPOLEON in politics" is likely to be a cause of disappointment.

SOME ABUSES OF CRIMINAL LAW.

SOME of the abuses of the law in the interest of criminals have been well illustrated in two New York cases that are still fresh in the public mind. The first is the case of Dr. BUCHANAN, who has been convicted of poisoning his wife and has been sentenced to death. He would have paid the penalty of his crime before this if it had not been for the efforts of his lawyer or lawyers to defeat the ends of justice. We are not considering the duty of a counsel to defend an accused whom he knows to be guilty, but, admitting that the basest criminal has the right to insist, through a regular practitioner and officer of the court, that he shall be convicted under the rules of procedure and of evidence prevailing in our courts, or that he shall be acquitted, how far beyond the vindication of that right ought a lawyer to go? BUCHANAN'S lawyers have tried all kinds of devices to prevent the execution of the law. They have made empty appeals to the United States Supreme Court and even to the British Minister, and have obtained a respite from the Governor. They have made the administration of the law, in which they are supposed to assist, contemptible, and they have compelled the renewal of the question as to how far lawyers can go for the protection of the enemies of society without losing caste in their profession.

The other case is that of Inspector MCLAUGHLIN. He was charged with bribery and corruption, and was indicted. In his case the absurdity of our method of selecting jurors has been witnessed. Having been placed on trial before a justice of the Supreme Court, there at once began the regular farce of securing twelve men to try him. At the end of eleven days only nine jurors had been selected. The tenth juror was selected on the twelfth day, after a search of three days. Of course the point on which jurors were excluded was that of bias, and, as the decisions now stand, nearly every one who takes an intelligent interest in what is going on in the community must be biassed one way or the other.

MCLAUGHLIN'S case arose out of the movement to reform the politics and government of New York, and the revelations made before the LEXOW committee. He is accused of the crimes which were proved to be general in the police force, at least among the higher officers. The success of the war on vice and the exposure of the relations of the police to criminals were largely due to the efforts of Dr. PARKHURST and the Society for the Prevention of Crime, of which he is the president. The policemen who are culpable are naturally moved by a bitter hatred against the men who have brought so much trouble upon them. So far as the examination of persons who are called to serve as jurors is concerned, the community seems to be divided into two classes—the friends of Dr. PARKHURST and the friends of Tammany and the police. No acquaintance of the clergyman, no member of his society, no one who has joined actively in the general uprising against the rule of vice in the city, no decent and patriotic citizen, comes within the extraordinary rôle of eligibility that is allowed to obtain in this case. On the other hand, a man who once met MCLAUGHLIN in a chop-house is also rejected. In reading the proceedings one wonders as to the character of the minds that will eventually try to conclude as to the guilt or innocence of MCLAUGHLIN.

But the MCLAUGHLIN case is not singular in this respect. It is only an exaggerated instance of an evil that has long prevailed in what we call our courts of justice. Nor is the jury system of New York exceptional. Something like what has been going on in the MCLAUGHLIN case occurs in all important criminal cases in this country. Both these cases show the necessity of a reform of our criminal law, in order that we may secure intelligent juries, and that speedy execution of sentences without which their value as restraints upon crime is greatly lessened.

A FUTILE RESOLUTION.

THE marriage of Miss LEITER to Mr. CURZON, which brought so much joy to Washington, seems to have had a contrary effect in the bride's native State. On the 26th of April, four days after the wedding, a resolution was introduced into the State Legislature of Illinois requesting the daughters of Illinois "not to accept the hand in marriage of any person who is not a citizen of the United States, as we are of the opinion that the daughters of Illinois should be patriotic in their views, and should disregard the title of any foreigner, and marry none but a citizen of the United States." The resolution was referred to the Committee on Federal Relations. It will do no good even if it is adopted. The sentiments of Mr. MCCARTHY, its introducer, are very widely shared by his American fellow-citizens. When they see an American girl who is good, beautiful, charming, and rich, bestowing herself and her fortune on an alien, they feel that the country is losing an aggregation of good things which it ought to hold. Even when the alien is a good man and a good fellow and the peer of his bride, though it helps the case, it does not mend it. Mr. MCCARTHY and the rest of us still feel that our country has lost a fair citizen and a full purse by the transaction, and has received nothing in return. But perhaps we do gain something—more, indeed, than we appreciate—from the international marriages. No doubt they strengthen the ties that bind Europe to America, and have their effect in promoting amity. There promises to come a day when a considerable proportion of the head men in England will be the sons of American mothers, a condition that will have some weight in the furtherance of such relations between the two countries as are profitable to both of them. Already an anxious interest is felt in London for the prosperity of trade in the United States. The more English capital comes to this country, and the more American brides go to England, the livelier that anxiety is likely to become.

But, anyhow, the international marriage is not likely to be checked by resolutions of State Legislatures. If Araminta is to say "No" when Lord Rigmarole asks her, it must be for some more cogent reason than that the Legislature of her State wants to keep her at home. The restraining influence must be more concrete than that. Mr. MCCARTHY and his fellows have addressed their resolution to the wrong people. Instead of requesting the daughters of Illinois not to marry aliens, they should have called upon the sons of Illinois to bestir themselves, and to see to it personally that the daughters of the State were not snapped up by appreciative foreigners. If the sons cannot keep the daughters at home, there is no hopeful possibility that legislation will effect it.

FENCING.

THE first of a series of fencing tournaments in Paris was recently held in the concert-room of the Élysée, the White House of France. Most of the competitors were the sons of professors of fencing at the military schools. The spectators, seven hundred in number, were the leading men of French politics and society. The President was there with the whole cabinet, and around him were gathered admirals and generals and field-officers, deputies, artists, authors, journalists, and famous fencers; even some of the royalist noblemen had got themselves invited.

Such an event could not occur in this country, where fencing, more or less fitfully cultivated, has always been an exotic. Our preference is for ruder forms of exercise, for contests of strength rather than of skill. And yet it were greatly to be desired that this most refined and attractive of all athletic exercises could take root and permanent growth among us.

There must be, of course, a question of heredity behind the distinction that while the rough sports of football or sparring or baseball are dear to the Anglo-Saxon or Celtic race, the Latin races reject them. No French or Spanish gentleman would allow another, under any circumstances, to "tackle" him or to slug him; he would also be incapable of deriving any amusement from watching a band of salaried plebeians play ball.

As a physical exercise fencing represents the ideal of skill and grace. It strengthens the body, trains the eye and the hand, develops quickness and perception, and encourages correct hygienic habits. But its merits as a form of exercise are the least of its claims to favor. It is a school of courtesy. It teaches manners and deportment. The fencer has learned how to stand and to walk and to sit down; how to come into a room or to go out; how to take off his hat to a lady or to bow to his elders. He has the bearing of a gentleman. "Manners maketh man," and the manners of the Salle d'Armes are those of good society.

Fencing is, moreover, a training in character as well as in courtesy. It is worth cultivating if only for the lesson of self-control that it enforces. No one can control his foil who has not complete control of his temper. A fit of Berserker rage may help to win in a bout with the gloves; it is of great use at times, as we all know, in a college football game; but in a fencing match it is fatal. The fencer who loses his temper has nothing to do but to apologize and withdraw. An angry man cannot fence.

There should be hope for the future of fencing, for it has the assistance of history, of literature, of romance, and of poetry. In these exalted domains the sword alone is known as a weapon, and mastery of the sword is the only distinction in strife. Not even the genius of SHAKESPEARE would suffice to hold reader or audience if he should represent Hamlet and Laertes settling their mortal quarrel with five-ounce gloves instead of bringing in the foils.

RECENT ARMY PROMOTIONS.

On account of the elevation of Major-General Schofield to the recreated rank of Lieutenant-General, and of the retirement of Major-General McCook, the President has had several high offices in the army at his disposal. The new Major-General, Wesley Merritt, has long been thought to have an almost certain chance of securing the first vacancy in the rank above that which he has held for eight years past. General Merritt is one of the few remaining "boy-generals" of the war of the rebellion. He was graduated from West Point only the summer before the war began. His first commission was as Second Lieutenant in the Second Dragoons, and except when he has served as a general officer, he has always been in the cavalry. The Second Dragoons was changed into the Second Cavalry when the army was reorganized in 1861, and Wesley Merritt, who served with his regiment in the early battles in Virginia, was promoted to be a Captain. Later he accepted a commission in the volunteers, and by 1863, when he was only twenty-seven years old, he was a Brigadier-General. Before the war ended he was a Major-General. He did gallant and conspicuous service during the war, and there were few young men who came out of the conflict with so brilliant a record. When the army was reorganized on a peace footing in 1867 General Merritt was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninth Cavalry, and ten years later he was promoted to be Colonel of the Fifth Cavalry. General Merritt served for one term as Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. His administration was remarkably successful. In 1887 he was made a Brigadier-General. During the war General Merritt received many brevets for gallant service in the field, at Gettysburg, Yellow Tavern, Hawe's Shop, and Five Forks, and for his services in the final campaign in Virginia he was made Major-General of Volunteers and Brevet Major-General in the regular army. Since the war he has done many kinds of frontier service, including much Indian fighting, and he has always enjoyed a high reputation for soldierly qualities of the best sort. The time for retirement will not come for him till 1900.

For one of the other vacancies Colonel Zenas R. Bliss, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, was chosen, and becomes a Brigadier-General. Colonel Bliss has long been a candidate for promotion, and though he passes over the heads of two ranking colonels—Shafter of the First Infantry, and Merriam of the Seventh—his appointment was not a surprise. Colonel Bliss has always been in the infantry arm of the service, which he joined as a Second Lieutenant when he was graduated from West Point, shortly before the war. In 1862 he was commissioned Colonel of the Tenth Rhode Island Infantry. Later he was transferred to the Seventh Rhode Island Infantry. He was brevetted for gallant services at Fredericksburg and the Wilderness. He is a native of Rhode Island, and will reach the retiring age in 1899.

The other appointment was that of Colonel John J. Coppinger, of the Twenty-third Infantry, to be a Brigadier-General. This promotion was something of a surprise, as it had been thought that whatever further advancement this officer received would be at the hands of a Republican Executive. He was the son-in-law of the late James G. Blaine, and it would not have astonished many in the army if he had received a star from Mr. Harrison. Indeed, it has been said that Colonel Coppinger's promotion was urged upon the last Republican President with much insistence by members of his wife's family. As it is, his promotion is made over the heads of thirteen other colonels, and as he will not be called upon to retire for four years and a half, many of those who have been skipped will probably have to leave the service without attaining more than their present rank. General Coppinger was born in Ireland, and was appointed to the Fourteenth Infantry as Captain in 1861. Previous to this he had been in the Pope's Body-Guard, and his companions in his journey of adventure to this country were Colonel Keogh, of the Seventh Cavalry, killed at the Little Rosebud massacre, and Captain Nowlan, now of the Seventh Cavalry. He acted gallantly during the war, and was brevetted for services at Trevilian and Cedar Creek, while after the war he was brevetted Colonel "for zeal and energy while in command of troops operating against hostile Indians in 1866, 1867, and 1868." When the war ended, General Coppinger was still a Captain of Infantry, and his rise through the various grades to his present high rank is all the more notable.

HENRY MOSLER.—[See Page 437.]

WESLEY MERRITT,
Recently appointed a Major-General in the United States Army.

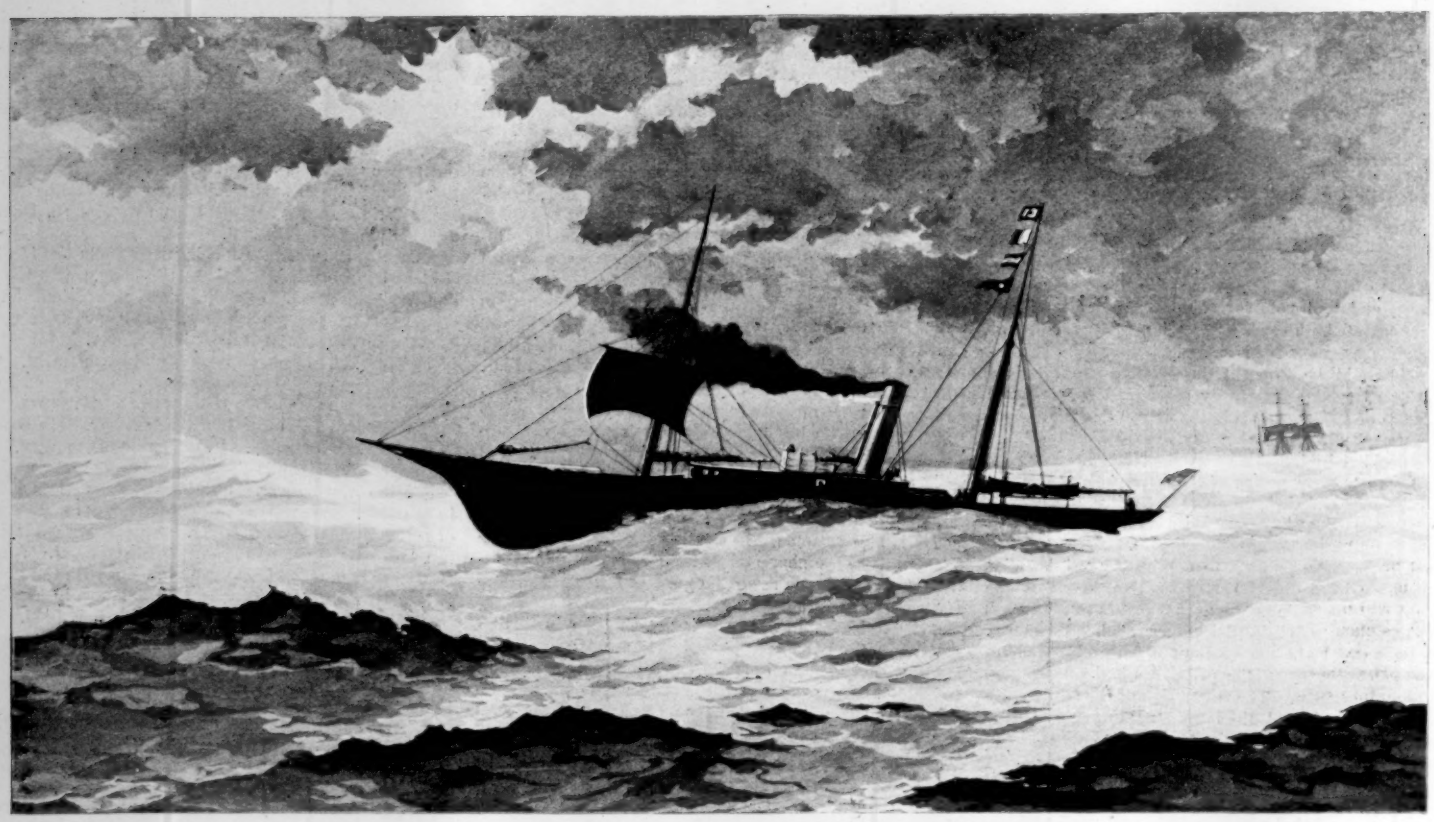
"SYLVIA'S" TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE.

Commodore E. M. Brown's steam-yacht *Sylvia*, the new flag-ship of the New York Yacht Club, is the smallest steam-yacht which has ever crossed the Atlantic, and the only yacht that has made the voyage to the westward in midwinter. She is 130 feet long, 18 feet 6 inches beam, 9 feet 4 inches depth of hold, and 10 feet 10 inches draught. She is of iron, was built in Glasgow in 1882, and was purchased by Commodore Brown last fall. He sent sailing-master, engineer, and crew over to Dublin, where *Sylvia* was laid up for the winter, and preparations were made to bring the yacht to this country at once. Early in November, however, a cable message from Waterford, Ireland, informed Commodore Brown that the crew refused to proceed across the ocean in *Sylvia*.

Captain Arthur H. Clark, who had purchased *Sylvia* for Commodore Brown, was consulted in the matter, and arranged to bring the yacht over himself, and after sending the former sailing-master, engineer, and crew home, shipped an entirely new set of officers and men, numbering fifteen, and representing nine nationalities.

When all the preparations had been completed the American flag was hoisted, the proper papers having been taken out, and on December 20th *Sylvia* sailed out of the harbor of Queenstown. The run to Funchal, Madeira, was made in five days twelve hours; and after coaling there, *Sylvia* proceeded on her voyage on December 29th. Some gales and heavy weather were experienced on the voyage to Bermuda, which was reached January 10th. One day was spent in coaling in St. George's Harbor, and on January 15th Sandy Hook was sighted at 11 A.M. Late in the afternoon *Sylvia* anchored off Bay Ridge. A recent survey has given her the highest classification at Lloyd's, which proves that she made the voyage without strain or injury. The artist has chosen the morning of December 22d, when *Sylvia* was kept off on her course after having been hove to off the Bay of Biscay.

ZENAS R. BLISS,
Recently appointed a Brigadier-General in the United States Army.



"SYLVIA," THE NEW FLAG-SHIP OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.

THE WEDDING MORN.—From the Painting by Henry Mosler in the Museum at Sydney, Australia.—[See Page 437.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

THE other day—one of those other days that fly so swiftly and gather afar in such multitude almost before you can say the other day—I had the great pleasure and profit of hearing Mr. Joseph Jefferson speak to the graduating class at the Berkeley Dramatic School, of the beautiful art they had been studying and were hoping to give their lives to. The little theatre was filled with the students and their friends, and it was mighty pretty, as Mr. Pepys says, to see all those eager young faces, which were so often such fair young faces, bent in love and homage on the speaker, whose presence was never more gracious and endearing than it was in that fortunate moment. I should wrong the delicacy and reticence of his rare quality if I praised as I should like to praise the fineness of thought, the sweetness of spirit, the felicity of temperament, that expressed themselves in his whole discourse, and I will keep as well as I can to a point or two of it. He said a hundred important things, charming things, and all with such exquisite lightness, such subtle accuracy of intention and effect, that it seems to me I have never had an hour, or a half-hour, of keener intellectual delight than I had in listening to him that day. I could almost have wished that I had been going to devote myself to the stage too, so that I might apply every rule he laid down to my art, and help win the triumph he was framing for the achievement of all those vivid young girls, those sympathetic young fellows. But at fifty-eight it is rather late to attempt anything in a new sort, and in the end I contented myself with thinking over some precepts which I found apt for the trade I had undertaken earlier.

I.

Indeed, among the hundred important things, charming things that Mr. Jefferson said, not the least important, not the least charming, was that which seemed, the more I thought of it, to apply to all the arts as well as his own. He said that acting had been called the mimic art, as if it were simply an affair of imitation, but he distinguished, and held that while it was this in a certain sense, it was rather and more exactly a suggestive art. It could put before the spectator only a few facts, and only the most salient points of these facts. It must compress into the space of a few hours of action, the characteristics, motives, feelings, purposes of a lifetime. It was a process of selection, and even in the things chosen for representation, the effect was rather suggestion than imitation. I am not able to give Mr. Jefferson's language, more loss to the reader; but I think this was his meaning; and he went on to amplify and to explain that the actor's performance was a sort of double realization of the part he assumed. He could not realize it to the spectator until he had realized it to himself; and his performance was not properly something addressed to the spectator, but was something exhibited before him; so that as often as his action appealed directly it was false art, or not art at all. He said that whenever he had found himself studying an effect in his audience rather than an effect in his part, he was aware of failure, and of merited failure.

As I heard him, it seemed to me that nothing could be truer of the theatre than all that, and as I thought it over it seemed to me that nothing could be truer of the novel; for the art of the one is so closely akin to the art of the other, that they are not really, or not finally separable. Mr. Marion Crawford has shown this in his admirable little essay on the novel, which he likens to a portable theatre. The novelist sets up his stage here or there, and then plays the whole piece through before the reader, taking the part now of one character and now of another in the dramatic moments, and now of the chorus in the narrative and comment. He has the advantage of other managers in the nature of his audience, which is of much longer breath than that of the stationary theatre; and the audience of the portable theatre enjoys privileges impossible in the stationary theatre. The witness of the dramatic action of the novel may go away and return when he likes; he can always take up the piece at the point where he left it; he can retrace his steps in it for a verification of his impressions, or advance with it to the end at such a pace as he pleases.

II.

But in the novel, as in the theatre, the art to be really art must be suggestive rather than mimic; it must appeal to the reader's recollections and associations, to his experience and his observation, to his knowledge of himself and his knowledge of others. It may cover vastly larger spaces of time, it may shift the scene with a freedom and a frequency which leave the wildest romantic drama far behind, but it is strictly subject to those vital laws of the theatre which Mr. Jefferson laid down. Unless the author has realized each character to himself he never can realize it to the reader, and with all his advantages he cannot imitate, he can only suggest. Art is said to be long, and life is said to be brief, but in the transaction of any fact life has illimitable leisure as compared with art, which may outlast it, in its perpetuation of the fact, but in its transaction can only record in some fortunate moment of time the most suggestive phases of the fact. Any one can test the truth of this by trying to describe, in the entire fulness of circumstance and motive, the simplest situation or event. It is impossible, or practically impossible, for it transcends at once every measure of art; such a history, if it could be written, would grow to a number of volumes which we should all be sorry not to have had burnt along with the Alexandrian library, if that was burnt.

The first condition of art in the novel, as in the theatre, is choice of the thing to be suggested, so that those who claimed in the beginning of realism that the novelist must not choose, but must take all life as it came, talked stuff, which was none the less stuff because they may have been perfectly honest in it. They at least made the novelist ask himself what were really the important things, the things to be chosen; and he has greatly changed his mind in regard to these since he began to set up his portable theatres. But the conditions of the portable theatre remain the same, as the conditions of the stationary theatre have remained the same since the union of their functions in Thespis. Thespis, Mr. Jefferson made us observe, was the first star-actor, and he was in another quality the first novelist, for he played all the parts in his pieces, and the cart he went about in was a form of portable theatre, which later novelists have merely disused in favor of the duodecimo volume.

III.

The novelist is as much bound as the actor to seek his effect in the several parts he plays, and not to seek it in his audience. That is really no part of his affair, and as far as he studies it, he fails. His business is indeed to make his audience feel the character and understand it, but if he addresses his effort to the reader's emotion instead of his intelligence, he does a thing ruinously false and bad. He can address the reader's intelligence only through his own, or he can make him realize it only when he has himself realized it; so that those critics who ask that a novelist shall sympathize with this character or that, and shall be sensibly moved by the fortunes of the beings he has imagined, are as foolish as the people who suppose that an actor can artistically, or otherwise than most disastrously, lose himself in his part.

The author's highest function is to find out the truth about his characters, their circumstance, their motive, their purpose, or in other words to realize them. It is no concern of his whether the reader likes them or mislikes them; it is above all not his concern to make him do the one or the other. Of course I know that people do love or hate the imaginary people in books, but I am quite sure that if the author has sought to make them do so, he has been recreant to his art, and in the region of æsthetics is a fraud and malefactor. He cannot have done such a thing without having violated the law of their being, which they have as distinctly as he has the law of his own being; for there is nothing more ascertained in the practice of fiction than the fact that these creatures of the brain have rights and faculties which their creator cannot invade without a sense of something like wrong-doing. If he does it, he has much the same sort of shame as if he had lied about some one in real life.

IV.

I know that the reader dearly loves a miracle in the things of art, and I make bold to offer him this, for it is as nearly like a miracle as anything I know concerning them. I suppose that at the end of the ends, the author of a novel has actually made it, out and out. But for his imagination it would not have been, yet if he has truly imagined it, he has not wilfully imagined it, but has imagined it in obedience to a law which it began to have almost from the first moment it began to take form in words. The law is perfectly recognizable to him, however impalpable; and he must be guided by it, if he is to work artistically, and in a certain measure if he is to work morally. The more he truly finds out, or the more he invents, the more the effect will conform to this law, so mystical in origin that I should not be able to trace it to its source. I say mystical, though I am rather shy of the mystical, and would like to have things in the plain day from the beginning, if I could. It is not altogether flattering to one's vanity, to find something in one's work, and always the best thing, that one cannot claim to have done with full sovereignty; but this artistic law which each novel has, and which every character in it makes a by-law to himself or herself, is something so recondite that one cannot claim to have given it, though I dare say one has given it, and it merely transcends consciousness in its history. Perhaps it comes in a moment of what we call inspiration, and this moment is no doubt much the same as that in which the actor conceives the part he is to play. It then takes such shape in his love as he cannot afterwards mar without blame, and without being untrue to his own instincts. But, after all, the part does not rule him, and the novel does not rule the novelist. In each case the work is subject to the artist, though the art is not; and perhaps this is what I have been feeling my way to throughout. At any rate it seems to me such a very good notion that I will leave it to the reader here, for fear of spoiling it by an attempt to gloss it. What I should like to add is, that these moments of inspiration have not the habit of coming to the person who is not skilled in his art; that the experiments or essays in all arts are voluntary and conscious, and that "genius," which is supposed a gift from heaven direct, is the result of not only a great deal of fasting and prayer, but sweat of the brow and grease of the elbow too.

From this it will be seen that I would be willing to withdraw even the small concession I have made to the love of the marvellous, in the matter of an involuntary law of being in the works of imagination; and to be frank, I really would like to throw so much doubt upon it as would keep the artist in any kind from expecting a miracle in his behalf. I did not understand Mr. Jefferson to promise his hearers a miracle, except as they worked for it, though every now and then he spoke of "genius." I believe he owned that it was hard to say what genius was; but so far as I could make out from his words, it seemed to be something with its coat off, and not something in the robes of prophecy. Perhaps the best definition of "genius" that could be given would be, Hard work in the right direction; and perhaps I can justly claim no more in proof of the law that I have been pretending is so well ascertained than that it is the grace which is added to our deeds when we strive for righteousness in any sort. This law of being, in the creature of the artist's imagination, which he cannot violate without a species of sin, is possibly nothing more than the truth which he has found out about it, by diligently inquiring and faithfully reflecting; and possibly the transgression which he feels guilty of in misrepresenting the result of his endeavor for the fact, is his refusal of that divine completeness which is added unto his work when he is true to himself in it.

W. D. HOWELLS.

MONEY, BANKING, AND CURRENCY.

X.

IN extending our inquiry into the relation between the amount of money in existence and the prices of commodities, recent statistics published by recognized authorities are of great value. The silver agitators are complaining of low prices, and holding that dear food, clothing, and house rent indicate prosperity. How different is this proposition from that usually advanced? It is wholly opposed to the position held by the protectionists, who insisted that their tariff had not increased prices, but had reduced the cost of the necessaries of life by increasing competition. In the tariff discussion both sides were in favor of cheap food, clothes, tools, and houses. But when the same men talk in favor of the free coinage of silver they are against cheapness and in favor of high prices. It would seem as though the whole discussion were a hollow mockery.

Mr. Edward Atkinson has recently presented in the *Forum* the truth about prices as they are shown by the statistics gathered by Augustus Sauerbeck, by Labor Commissioner Wright, computed and compared by Professor Falconner, of Johns Hopkins University, on the assumption that prices were at par in 1860. In that year a silver dollar was worth more than a gold dollar under our laws. Compared with the price in 1860 (100), silver was 95.3 in 1845, 97.3 in 1850, and 100 in 1855. In the same years meat had risen from 79.4 in 1845 to 104.7 in 1855. Other food had risen from 82.8 to 114.5. Clothes had grown cheaper. While the gold price of silver was increasing 4.7 points, the price of meat increased 25.3 points; other food, 31.7 points; that of clothes fell 2.4 points; and the average of all prices had increased 10.3 points. In the mean time wages increased 11.2 points. So while the price of silver was going up, the prices of other commodities went up faster, and the purchasing power of wages became greater.

The price of silver began to fall about 1866, and it has kept on falling ever since. In 1870, three years before the demonetization "crime," it had fallen 1.8 points below the 100 standard of 1860. But every other commodity had advanced. Meat was 174.3 when silver was 98.2; other food was 146.3; clothes were 139.4; while wages were 162.2. Therefore at this time, at all events, the prices of food, of clothes, and of labor did not fall with the price of silver. Inventions, labor-saving machinery, and the great industrial progress that has marked the nineteenth century had cheapened production. There was no silver in circulation, as there is now, and the changes in the price of silver had not affected the general market. Then as now, also, the purchasing power of wages was increasing. Not a necessary of life was so cheap in this country in 1870 as it had been in 1860, but the labor that could have purchased $66 worth of goods in 1865 purchased more than $114 worth in 1870.

Silver continued to fall. In 1875 it was 92.2, compared with the scale of 100 in 1860. At the same time all other prices had gone down, and they have continued to go down, until within the last few months, when they are rising again. But it is to be noticed that while the cost of commodities decreased, the purchasing power of wages increased, until it had risen from 114.1 in 1870 to 172.1 in 1890.

The fall in prices has not been confined to this country. It has taken place in Great Britain as well. It is due to better and cheaper methods of production and transportation. The tendency of prices has been the same in gold and in silver countries. The amount of money has had no influence upon them, but modern progress is accountable for most of the decline, and overproduction for some of it. How much the inventions of cheaper and better methods of production have accomplished in bringing about a reduction of prices is shown by the decline in the cost of metals and implements to the producer, to which the inventive genius of the world, and especially of this country, has chiefly directed itself. Representing the gold price of metals and implements in 1860 by 100, in 1870 it was 127.8 in paper, and in 1890 it was 74.9 in gold. In England, at the same time, the price fell from 100 to 87.4. The causes that bring about reductions in price are shown by these statistics of production: In 1860, less than 7,000,000 tons of iron were produced in the world. In 1892 the production of iron had increased to 26,000,000 tons, the United States alone producing 9,157,000 tons. What wonder that iron is cheaper than it was? Silver has grown cheaper for the same general reason that has governed the price of iron. In 1873 the world produced 63,267,000 ounces of silver. It was worth $82,120,000. If it had been coined it would have made only $81,800,000. In 1893, the world's product of silver was 161,776,100, and it was worth $126,185,300. But if it had been coined it would have made $209,165,000. Can any one imagine a greater swindle than such a creation of false values would have been? Iron that was worth $100 in 1860 could be bought for $75 in 1890. Suppose that the law had compelled every farmer to pay for the iron in his agricultural implements at the price prevailing in 1860? Would there not have been a revolution? Why should the laws treat the silver-miners any better than they treat the iron-miners?

In 1875 this country produced 850,148,500 bushels of corn; in 1894 it produced 1,619,496,131 bushels. In 1875 we produced 309,102,700 bushels of wheat; in 1894 we produced 396,131,725 bushels. In 1875 we produced 3,827,845 bales of cotton; in 1894 we produced 7,549,817 bales. These are potent reasons why corn, wheat, and cotton are cheaper. Another reason is that transportation charges are cheaper. In 1875 the freight charge on a bushel of wheat sent by lake and canal from Chicago to New York was about 11¼ cents; in 1894 it was less than 4½ cents. If sent by rail the charge in 1875 was 24 cents; in 1894 it was about 13 cents.

Perhaps the most striking contribution to this discussion of the relations between the employment of silver as money and prices has been made by Mr. Upton, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He makes his compilation from the report of a committee consisting of Senators Aldrich, Allison, Hiscock, Jones (Nevada), Harris, and Carlisle. The committee computed the average prices of nine principal agricultural articles—barley, corn, cotton, hemp, oats, meats, rye, tobacco, and wheat. It was found that in 1860, when the average price of these nine articles was 100, the price of the bullion in a silver dollar was 104.6. In 1870 the price of the nine agricultural products had risen to 107.7, but the price of the silver dollar had fallen

to 102.3. In 1875 silver fell still further, to 98.4, but the price of the agricultural products increased to 116.8. In 1891 the price of silver had fallen 30.5 points, and the average price of the other commodities 1.6 points.

So we see that while silver has been going down, the prices of all other products have also gone down, but not so steadily nor so much as that of silver, and that at times when silver fell the prices of other articles rose. We have also seen that prices of agricultural products rose after the so-called demonetization of silver, although the price of silver fell. The price of silver continued to fall after the acts of 1878 and 1890, which were passed to advance it. On the other hand, the average price of the nine articles already mentioned fell from 116 8 to 102.9 after the act of 1878, and rose from 87.9 to 98.4 after the act of 1890.

Still further evidence that prices are not affected by the amount of money in the country is furnished by the commercial and financial history of the present year. This point, however, with the conclusion of the subject, must be reserved for another paper. H. L. N.

SWEET-PEA'S BLOSSOMS.

On wings of blue
And purple flame;
On wings of white,
And violet light;
On wings of scarlet hue;
On ember-colored wings;
On wings of pink,
And wings that blink
With triple-shaded glow;
On wings of yellow,
And orange fire—
They float and flutter,
Quiver and shine,
Up the slender threads
Of a tremulous vine.

M. V. Jones.

THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

A history of the American Congress is the history of the legislative acts of the representatives of the American people who formed the United States out of colonies that were independent of one another, and who now constitute the nation. In his book entitled *The American Congress*, just published by Harper & Brothers, Mr. Joseph West Moore writes the story of the progress of the American people in and through its legislation. The book is not only a useful compilation showing the growth of the government under which we live, and the united efforts of the colonies in peace and war for the furtherance of their political interests and for the maintenance and defence of their liberties and rights, but it is an interesting abridgment of the leading features of American history as they bear upon the power of the people through the action of their representatives.

The supremacy of law and representative government were inherited principles of the English race. Whether the immigrants to America were cavaliers seeking fortunes in Virginia, men hopeless of the future in the Old World, following Oglethorpe or Penn into the wildernesses of this, or adventurers settling in New York with the Duke's consent, or Pilgrims and Puritans coming to Massachusetts that they might establish the rule of their own will in the place of that of the throne, they were Englishmen, believing firmly in parliamentary government. Moreover, they were men schooled in the theory that law is supreme, and that before it King and subject must bow as in obedience to that which Divinity had established.

That which had driven the strongest among them to look for homes in a new and unknown land was the denial in England by the Stuart Kings of these great principles—principles which had strengthened in the convictions of the Puritans in the great intellectual and religious movements of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries until to live under the personal rule of the monarch was impossible. And this feeling of the right of the people to be governed by their own laws, made by them in town meetings and in general courts, and administered by their chosen servants, was intensified by the foolish policy of the mother-country. To the excited imaginations of the intense men who made New England, and who finally came to be the leaders in Virginia, the constant pressure of royal Governors, whose bounden duty it was to impose on the people of the colonies the rule of law in whose making the people had had no voice, was a reminder of the evils from which they had fled, for escape from which many had abandoned ancestral homes in the most beautiful and fruitful parts of England, and to combat and overthrow which was to be the destiny of themselves and their children.

There is nothing so marked in the political sentiments of the people who settled this country, who made it independent of Great Britain, and who established the republic, as their jealousy of the executive power. If we follow carefully the short accounts of the various Colonial and Confederate Congresses in this volume, the truth is borne home to us that never until the necessity was forced upon them by the utter failure of the Confederacy did the fathers of the republic intrust executive power to any single man. They undertook to govern by a committee of representatives. There is no fact of our earlier history more widely known than this, but none whose deep historic significance can be too often called to mind. The temper of the colonists of Massachusetts was manifested in the resolution of the deputies of 1639, to the effect that no magistrate of any kind should be elected for more than a year. As Bancroft says, "The people were loud in demanding a government of law, and not of discretion." Even Winthrop did not escape the general suspicion entertained by the people of all executive officers, and it was during his term of office that rotation in office was resolved upon as a general and guiding principle, "lest there should be a Governor for life."

From the first union of the colonists the general welfare was placed in the hands of representatives who stood upon an equal footing with one another, and their conclusions were in the nature of recommendations to the different colonies. The feeling of the colonists was manifested by their action on Benjamin Franklin's plan for a Union, proposed in the Congress held at Albany in 1754. The watchword "Unite or Die" seemed not unpopular, but when a practical union was proposed, with a President to be appointed by the crown, it was rejected both by the colonies and the British government. The colonies refused to increase the power of the crown, and the mother-country, having had ample experience of the headstrong tendencies of legislative assemblies of Englishmen, declined to assent to the establishment of a permanent law-making body representing all the American colonies. But the important events that crowded fast upon one another after this, and finally resulted in the establishment of the new republic, were originated and directed by the people themselves or their representatives. In their several assemblies they formulated and declared the doctrine that taxation without representation was unjust, and contrary to the rights to which as Englishmen they were entitled. The people of Boston, assembled as in town meeting, insisted that the tea ships should depart, and the representatives of Massachusetts, meeting in their legislative hall, resolved on calling a Continental Congress to meet at Philadelphia. It was the Congress that patiently endeavored to compose the difficulties between the colonies and Great Britain by bringing the King to the acceptance of the American view of the relations that ought to exist between free Englishmen born to the privilege of self-government, who were building a nation in the New World, and the government to which they desired to remain loyal. It was the Congress also that, after all its efforts had failed, issued the Declaration of Independence. It was Congress that appointed and commissioned George Washington to be commander-in-chief of the American forces, and it was to Congress that he surrendered his commission when the conflict was over and the independence of the country had been secured. During the struggle Congress was the sole civil authority of the country, and the source of Washington's extraordinary military authority. It appointed diplomatic agents, raised troops, authorized the borrowing of money, issued paper currency, and, in 1781, established the confederation in which Congress was the supreme power. There was no chief executive during all this time. The colonies and the United States, until the adoption of the Constitution, were governed by the law-making body, or during the recesses of the Congress of the Confederation by its committee of States, and all the officers needed for the administration of the laws were appointed by the body that enacted the laws.

The importance of the Congress was not destroyed by the new Constitution. In theory the three branches of the government were independent of one another and coordinate. The supreme law of the land was the Constitution, and to the Supreme Court was given the power to interpret its provisions. Congress had no powers except those that were expressly conferred upon it, or that were necessary to carry it into effect, but for some time the court doubted if it had the power to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional, no matter how firmly convinced the judges might be that the legislative branch had exceeded its authority. And although that doubt has long been settled, and laws are now unhesitatingly declared void because they are against the fundamental law made by the people, Congress remains the most important branch of the government, the branch whose acts are fraught with good or ill to the country.

In its halls the people give expression to their theories of government. It controls the executive through its power over the revenues and appropriations. The judiciary is partially free from its interference, and yet the judges have sometimes yielded to the power which speaks through the Senators and Representatives. The Senate has invaded the province of the executive through its power to confirm appointments and to ratify treaties. Congress was once the firm defence of slavery, and, again, it was the inventor and provider of the ways and means for the conduct of the war which resulted in the freedom of the slaves and the destruction of the system. Its laws encouraged the animosities between the sections, enlarged the territory of slavery, and, again, threatened the extinction of State lines and the powers of the State over the civil rights of the citizen as a punishment of the slaveholders who rebelled against the Union. It has more than once imperilled our relations with foreign powers, and it once attempted to destroy our commerce with foreign countries through the embargo act. It has undertaken to exclude aliens, and it has passed liberal naturalization laws. It has made criticism of the administration a crime, and it has impeached a judge and a President for venturing to differ from the political views of its majority. It has extended the powers of the government over rivers and creeks. It has not only maintained great armies, but it has expended hundreds of millions for pensions. It has passed bankruptcy laws and repealed them. It has maintained a protective tariff system under which the people have been taxed for the enrichment of the manufacturers. It has maintained a paper currency, and has so complicated our currency system that it is the most unscientific in the world. At the same time it has accomplished much that is good. It has established inferior courts which have administered the laws impartially, and since the war with Mexico, notwithstanding the excited presence of Jingo demagogues in both the Senate and the House of Representatives, it has not been prone to war. Its members are supposed to represent the average sentiment of the country, and they do represent the average sentiment of those who, either for selfish or patriotic motives, perform their whole political duty.

Our liberties and prosperity, even our property, so far as the Federal government can affect them, are under the control of Congress. Our systems of foreign and inter-State commerce are regulated by it, and our finances are at its mercy. Its laws are the guides of our national life, and if they are bad, prosperity is ours in spite of them. It is the law that is supreme in this country. The dream of the forefathers has been fairly realized. There are judicial and executive abuses, but, after all, it is the law which rules, and abuses are committed in its name and against its sovereignty.

One cannot carefully read the brief record of the history of Congress which Mr. Moore gives us without realizing the tremendous importance of care and circumspection in selecting candidates for the legislative branch of the government, nor without a recognition of the fact that that care and circumspection have not been exercised, especially during the later years of the history of the republic. Not that Mr. Moore moralizes in this strain, for he confines himself to what is perhaps the more agreeable task of narration; but the facts of history are brought together by him so that he who reads, and who also remembers, will appreciate more thoroughly than he is possibly accustomed to the fact that as Congress legislates so do we dwell under a tyrannous and an oppressive ruler, or under a beneficent sovereignty whose existence is felt only by the law-breaker.

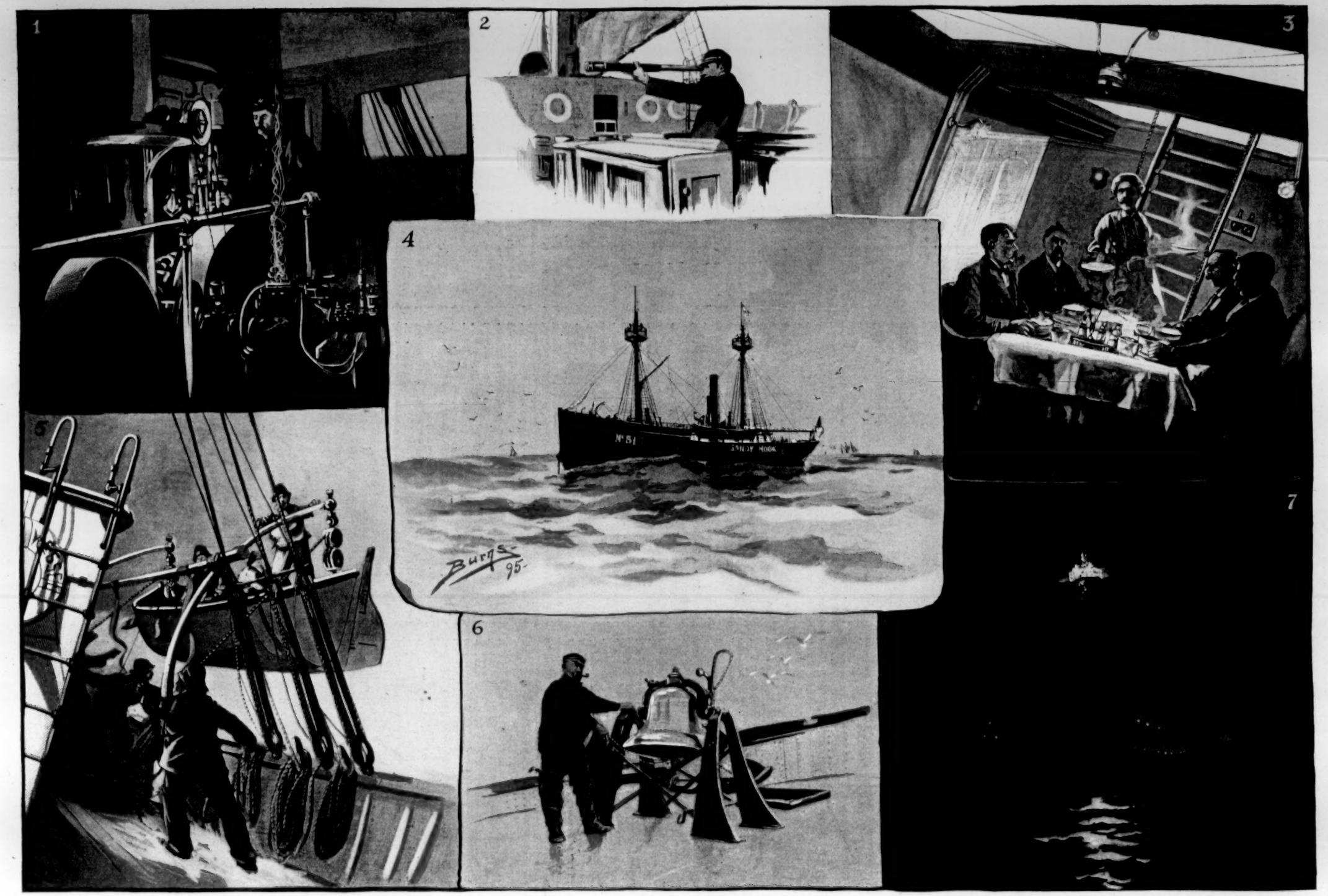
MR. HENRY MOSLER.

One of the conspicuous pictures in the current exhibition at the Academy of Design is the large production in the north gallery entitled "Last Moments." It is a death scene in an old European interior. The subject renders it anything but cheerful, yet the signature affixed to the work must send the mind of many a visitor pleasantly back to the early sixties and our civil war. The artist, Henry Mosler, came into considerable prominence then. He was a lad in Cincinnati, the city of his birth. Major Anderson was there just after the bombardment of Sumter, and Mr. Mosler saw him throughout the festivities incident to his passage through the place. He made some sketches apropos of the occasion, and sent them to the editor of Harper's Weekly. They were promptly accepted, and their author was commissioned out of hand to act as the special artist in the West for the periodical at that time foremost in the pictorial celebration of the war. Mr. Mosler started for Louisville and sketched episodes in the trouble thereabouts. Within a short time he met Sherman, who gave him a rather bluff reception; but he was soon at home in military life, and made friends with the commander who at first seemed to doubt that so young a man could be anything but an obstruction at the front. He saw the battles of Mumfordsville, Perrysville, Somerset, Shiloh, and Pittsburg Landing, besides many nameless minor actions in various parts of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama. All through this period Mr. Mosler sent sketches and correspondence to Harper's Weekly, and old readers of the paper will remember the spirit and picturesqueness of his work. In 1863 he threw up his commission and came to New York *en route* for Europe, where he contemplated a long course of artistic study. His employers in the East were astonished when they saw him. They had expected an older man. But already Mr. Mosler had confirmed the faith which had been placed in his work, and not long after his arrival in Europe he showed even more conclusively that his talents were of a substantial character. He entered at once upon a career which has been unbroken in its success, and has recently brought him back to America to settle with a consciousness of work well done and well rewarded.

When Mr. Mosler departed for Europe the Dusseldorf school was in its glory, and he went straight to that centre of German thoroughness and sentiment. He found much there that established him in his art, but it was not long before the influence of Paris began to move him, and he proceeded to the French capital. He entered the atelier of Hebert, the man whose refined and stately style was for some years the presiding example at the Villa Medicis in Rome. Mr. Mosler profited by the thoughtful strain in his master. He fixed himself in the path to which he had gravitated from the beginning, a path in which nothing was ever thought worth doing unless it served a serious purpose. He came back to America with a profound distaste for *chic*, for fragmentary and aimless sketching. He brought an equally profound enthusiasm for well-pondered compositions. In 1874 he returned to Europe, but for some reason or other the Parisian air was not as attractive as before, and he became Piloty's pupil in Munich, settling in the Bavarian city for three years. At the end of that time his earlier feelings were revived and he went back to Paris. He has lived in that city, exhibiting at the Old Salon and winning honors there, until only the other day, when he came back to New York.

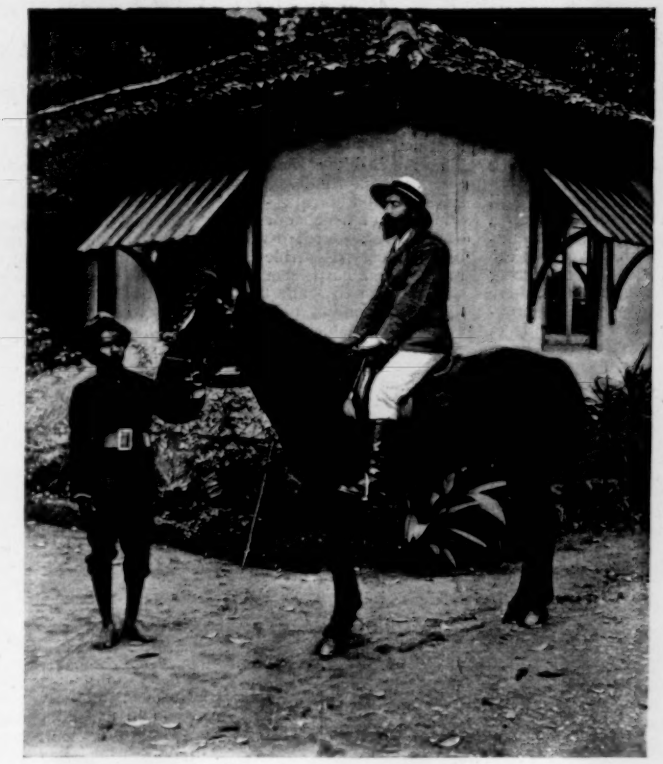
To recapitulate here Mr. Mosler's recompenses abroad would be a dry and useless task; but there is one honor which it is necessary to mention, for reference to it brings back the memory of his best work. This picture, "Le Retour," was first shown at the Salon of 1879. The government espied it and purchased it for the Luxembourg. It was the first time an American artist had been so honored. The chances of admission to the anteroom of the French Pantheon were slight for a painter from this country. It is only of late years that the policy which has admitted Whistler, Sargent, Macmonnies, Alexander Harrison, and W. T. Dannat has been in favor. When Mr. Mosler's picture was purchased it was in recognition of certain good qualities which at all times are rare. His art is not a brilliant one, but it is sound. It is based first of all on the most admirable of artistic dicta, that a picture should have not only charm of color and personal character, but intelligible form, intelligible construction. Visitors to the Luxembourg will remember the picture to which reference is made. In the quaint carved bed of a Breton cottage a peasant woman lies dead. Her prodigal son returns too late and kneels in despair at his mother's side. The village priest leans against the fireplace and waits, pensive, sympathetic, but critical, as would be inevitable under circumstances such as the artist has depicted. The picturesqueness of the canvas is first apprehended, then its pathos, its human interest, and there is also a sense of capable brush-work and tasteful color. But the ultimate value of the work is discerned in its careful structure, in the balance and clearness of the composition. It is for this that Mr. Mosler is chiefly to be praised, and it is for this that his art is welcomed back to these shores, deficient as it may be in some of the more personal and alluring qualities in which our younger school is rich. All his life long he has been working on the lines set forth in the Luxembourg picture. He has a predilection for Brittany and its artless groups of peasant figures, so full of pathos, of humor, and through a list of canvases too long to be reproduced in this place he has shown ability to build up from his models interesting and admirable compositions. He is not Academic, but he has far more sympathy for the Academy than for the audacious methods of the impressionists and their various followers. In fact, there is nothing at all venturesome in his work, nothing to recall the stormy days in which it was first developed. But there is much to recall the patience, the industry, the tenacious purpose, and the thorough intelligence which won him success in his work with the army of the North. The moderation, the truth, and the strong human sympathy which were perceived in him then have amply fulfilled their promise.

Royal Cortissoz.



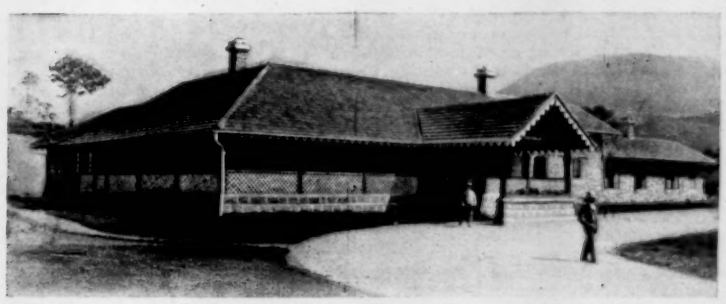
SANDY HOOK LIGHT-SHIP NO. 51—THE ONLY ELECTRIC LIGHT-SHIP IN THE WORLD.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 448.]

1. Dynamo-Room. 2. The Lookout. 3. Meal-Time. 4. A Daylight View of the Light-Ship. 5. Life-boat Drill. 6. Eight Bells. 7. A Night View, showing Electric Light.



A TEA-PLANTER LEAVING THE REST-HOUSE AT GAMPOLA.

LUGGAGE-TRANSFER CART.



REST-HOUSE AT BANDERAWELLA.

A TEA TRAIN—DOWN GRADE.

THE RICKSHAW.

COMING DOWN TO HAPUTALE.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN CEYLON—NATIVE METHODS OF TRANSPORTATION.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 444.]

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT NÎMES.

IT will be believed that I looked on the city with no common emotions. I had heard enough at Villeraugues—and to that enough M. de Géol had added by the way a thousand details—to satisfy me that here, and not in the north, here in the Gard, and the Bouches-du-Rhône, among the olive groves and white dust of the south, and not among the wheat-fields and pastures of the north, the fate of the nation hung in the balance; and that not in Paris—where men would and yet would not, where Mirabeau and Lafayette, in fear of the mob, took one day a step towards the King, and the next, fearful lest restored he should punish, retraced it—could the convulsion be arrested, but here! Here, where the warm imagination of the Provençal still saw something holy in things once holy, and faction bound man to faith.

Hitherto the stream of revolution had met with no check. Kings and nobles had crumbled and sunk before it, almost without a struggle; it remained to be seen whether the third and last of the governing powers, the Church, would fare better. Clearly, if Froment were right, and faith must be met by faith, and bigotry of one kind opposed to bigotry of another kind, here in the valley of the Rhone, where the Church still kept its hold, lay the materials, nearest to the enthusiast's hand. In that case—and with this in my mind I took my first look at the city, and the wide low plain that lay beyond it, bathed in the sunset light—in that case, from this spot before me might fly a torch to kindle France! Hence might start a conflagration as wide as the land; that taken up, and roaring higher and higher through all La Vendée, and Brittany, and the Côtes-du-Nord, might swiftly ring round Paris with a circle of flame!

Once get it fairly alight. But there lay the doubt; and I looked again and with eager curiosity at this city from which so much was expected, this far-stretching city of flat roofs and white houses, trending gently down from the last spurs of the Cévennes to the Rhone plain. North of it, in the outskirts, rose three low hills, the midmost crowned with a tower, the easternmost casting a shadow almost to the distant river; and from these, eastward and southward, the city sloped. And these hills, and the roads near us, and the plain already verdant, and the great work-shops that here and there rose in the faubourgs, all, as we approached, seemed to teem with people; with people coming and going, alone or in groups, sauntering beyond the walls for pleasure, or hastening on business.

Of these all wore a badge of some kind; many the tricolor, but more a red ribbon, a red tuft, a red cockade—an emblem, at sight of which my companions' faces grew darker and darker. Another thing characteristic of the place, the tinkling of many bells, calling to vespers, though I found the sound fall pleasantly on the air, was as little to their taste. They growled together, and increased their pace, so that insensibly I fell to the rear. As we entered the streets the traffic that met us, and the keenness with which I looked about me, increased this distance; presently a long line of carts and a company of National Guards intervening, I found myself riding alone, a hundred paces behind them.

I was not sorry; the novelty of the shifting crowd, the changing faces, the southern patois, the moving string of soldiers, peasants, workmen, women, amused me. I was less sorry when by-and-by something—something which I had dimly imagined might happen when I reached Nîmes—took real shape, and struck me, as it were, in the face. From a barred window a little above the street, on which my eyes alighted for an instant as I passed under it, a white hand waved a handkerchief, for an instant only, just long enough for me to take in the action and think of Denise. Then, as I jerked the reins, the handkerchief was gone, the window was empty, on either side of me the crowd chattered and jostled on its way.

I pulled up mechanically and looked round, my heart beating. I could see no one near me for whom the signal could be intended; and yet—and yet it seemed odd. I could hardly believe in my good fortune, or that I had found Denise so soon. However, as my eyes returned to the window, the handkerchief flickered in it again; and this time the signal was so unmistakably meant for me that, shamed out of my prudence, I pushed my horse through the crowd to the door, and hastily dismounting, threw the rein to an urchin who stood near. I was shy of asking him who lived in the house, and with a single glance at the dull white front and the row of barred windows that ran below the balcony, I resigned myself to fortune and knocked.

On the instant the door flew open and a servant appeared. I had not thought what I would say, and for a moment I stared at him foolishly. Then, at a venture, on the spur of the moment, I asked if madame received.

He answered very civilly that she did, and held the door open for me to enter.

I did so wondering, and having crossed a spacious hall paved with black and white marble, followed him up a staircase, everything I saw round me, from the man's quiet livery to the mouldings of the ceiling, wearing the stamp of elegance and refinement. Pedestals supporting marble busts stood in the angles of the staircase, there were orange-trees in jars in the hall, and antique fragments adorned the walls. However, I saw these only in passing; in a moment I reached the head of the stairs, and the man, opening a door, stood aside.

I entered the room, my eyes shining; in a dream, an impossible dream, that took possession of me for one moment, that Denise—not Mademoiselle de St. Alais, but Denise, the girl who loved me and with whom I had never been alone—might be there to receive me. Instead a stranger rose slowly from a seat in one of the windows, and after a moment's hesitation came forward to meet me—a strange lady, tall, grave, and very handsome, whose dark eyes scanned me seriously while the blood rose a little to her pure olive cheek.

Seeing that she was a stranger, I began to stammer an apology. She courtesied. "Monsieur need not excuse himself," she said, smiling. "He was expected, and a meal is ready. If you will follow Gervaise," she continued, "he will take you to a room, where you can remove the dust of the road."

"But, madame," I stammered. "I am afraid that I am trespassing—"

She shook her head, smiling. "Be so good," she said.

"But, my horse," I answered, standing bewildered. "I have left it in the street."

"It will be cared for," she said. "If you will be so kind?" And she pointed with a little imperious gesture to the door.

I went then in utter amazement. The man who had led me up stairs was outside. He preceded me along a wide airy passage to a bedroom, in which I found all I needed to refresh my toilet. He took my coat and hat, and attended me with the skill of one trained to such offices; and in a state of desperate bewilderment I suffered it. But when, recovering a little from my bewilderment, I opened my mouth to ask a question, he asked me to excuse him; madame would explain.

"Madame—?" I said; and I waited for him to fill the blank.

"Yes, monsieur, madame will explain," he answered, glibly, and without a smile; and then, seeing that I was ready, he led me back, not to the room I had left, but to another.

I went in like a man in a dream, yet expecting now an answer to the riddle. But I found none. The room was spacious, and parquet-floored, with three high narrow windows, of which one, partly open, let in the murmur of the street. A small wood fire burned on a wide hearth between carved marble pillars, and in one corner of the room stood a harpsichord, harp, and music-stand. Nearer the fire a small round table, daintily laid for supper and lighted by candles, placed in old silver sconces, presented a charming picture, and by it stood the lady I had seen.

"Are you cold?" she said, coming forward frankly as I advanced.

"No, madame."

"Then we will sit down at once," she answered. And she pointed to the table.

I took the seat she indicated, and saw with astonishment as I did so that covers were laid for two only. She caught the look, I think, for she blushed faintly, and her lip trembled as if with the effort to suppress a smile. But she said nothing, and any thought to her disadvantage which might have entered my mind was anticipated not only by the sedate courtesy of her manner but by the appearance of the room, the show of wealth and ease that surrounded her, and the very respectability of the butler who waited on us.

"Have you ridden far to-day?" she said, crumbling a roll with her fingers as if she were not quite free from nervousness, and looking now at the table and now at me in a way almost appealing.

"From Sauve, madame," I answered.

"Ah! And you propose to go?"

"No farther."

"I am glad to hear it," she said, with a charming smile. "You are a stranger in Nîmes?"

"I was. I do not feel so now."

"Thank you," she answered, her eyes meeting mine without reserve. "That you may feel more at home, I am going presently to tell you my name. Yours I do not ask."

"You do not know it?" I cried, in astonishment.

"No," she said, laughing; and I saw, as she laughed, that she was younger than I had thought; that she was still a girl. "Of course you can tell it me if you please," she added, lightly.

"Then, madame, I do please," I answered, gallantly. "I am the Vicomte de Saux, of Saux by Cahors, and very much at your service."

She stared at me a moment in undisguised astonishment. I even thought that I read something like fear in her eyes. Then she said, "Of Saux by Cahors?"

"Yes, madame. And I am driven to fear now," I added, seeing the effect my words had produced, "that I am here in error."

"Oh no!" she said. And then her feelings seeming to find sudden vent, she laughed and clapped her hands. "No, monsieur," she cried, gayly, "there is no error, I assure you. On the contrary, now I know who you are, I will give you a toast. Alphonse! Fill M. le Vicomte's glass and then leave us. So! Now, M. le Vicomte," she continued, "you must drink with me, à l'anglaise, to—" She paused and looked at me slyly.

"I am all attention, madame," I said, bowing.

"To la belle Denise," she said.

It was my turn to start and stare now—in confusion as well as surprise. But she only laughed the more—laughed with childish abandon, and clapping her hands, bade me "Drink, monsieur, drink!"

I did so gallantly, though I colored under her eyes.

"That is well," she said, as I set down the glass. "Now, monsieur, I shall be able—in the proper quarter—to report you no recreant."

"But, madame," I said, "how do you know the proper quarter?"

"How do I know?" she answered, naïvely. "Ah, that is the question."

But she did not answer it, though I remarked that from this moment she took a different tone with me. She dropped much of the reserve which she had hitherto maintained, and began to pour upon me a fire of wit and badinage, merriment and plaisanterie, against which I defended myself as well as I could where all the advantage of knowledge lay with her. Such a duel, with so fair an antagonist, had its charms, yet I was not sorry when a clock, striking eight, produced a sudden silence and a change in her as great as that which had preceded it. Her face grew in a moment sombre, she sighed, and sat looking gravely before her. I ventured to ask if anything ailed her.

"Only this, monsieur," she answered. "That I must now put you to the test; and you may fail me."

"You wish me to do something?"

"I wish you to give me your escort to a place and back again," she answered.

"I am ready," I cried, gayly. "If I were not I should be a recreant indeed. But I think, madame, that you were going to tell me your name."

"I am Madame Catinot," she answered. And then—I

"SHE SIGNED TO ME TO STAND BY THE PILLAR, AND HERSELF KNELT DOWN."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

do not know what she read in my face—"I am a widow," she added, blushing deeply. "And for the rest, you are no wiser."

"But always at your service, madame."

"So be it," she answered, quietly. "I will meet you, M. le Vicomte, in the hall."

I held the door for her to go out, and she went; and wondering, and inexpressibly puzzled by the strangeness of the adventure, I paced up and down the room a minute, and then followed her. A hanging lamp which lit the hall showed her to me standing at the foot of the stairs, her hair hidden by a black lace mantilla, her dress under a cloak of some dark color. The man who had admitted me gave me in silence my cloak and hat, and without a word madame led the way along a passage.

Over a door at the end of this was a second light. It fell on my hat, as I was about to put it on, and I started and stood. Instead of the tricolor I had been wearing in the hat, I saw a small red cockade.

Madame heard me stop, and turning, discovered what was the matter. She laid her hand on my arm, and the hand trembled. "For an hour, monsieur; only for an hour," she breathed in my ear. "Give me your arm."

Somewhat agitated, I put on the hat and gave her my arm, and in a moment we stood in the open air in a dark narrow passage between high walls. She turned at once to the left, and we walked in silence a hundred paces, which brought us to a low-browed door on the same side, through which a light poured out. Madame guiding me by a slight pressure, we passed through this and a narrow vestibule, and I found myself to my astonishment in a church half full of silent worshippers.

Madame enjoined silence by laying her finger on her lip, and led the way along one of the aisles until we came to a vacant chair beside a pillar. She signed to me to stand by the pillar, and herself knelt down.

Freed from her control, and at liberty to form my conclusions, I looked about me like a man in a dream. The body of the church, dimly lit, was rendered more gloomy by the black cloaks and veils of the vast kneeling crowd, which grew each moment more dense. The men for the most part stood beside pillars or at the back of the church, whence came now and then a low muttering, the only sound that broke the heavy silence. A red lamp burning before the altar added one touch of sombre color to the scene.

I felt the silence and the crowd and the empty vastnesses above us grow upon me, until my heart began to beat with expectation of I knew not what. And then out of the silence about the altar came the first melancholy notes, the wailing refrain of the psalm "Miserere Domine."

It had a wonderful effect as it rose and fell in the gloom, in the silence, above the heads of the kneeling multitude, who one moment were there, and the next, as the light sank, were gone, leaving only blackness and emptiness. As the wailing, pleading, almost desperate notes floated down the long aisle, borne on the palpitating hearts of the listeners, a hand seemed to grasp the throat, the eyes grew dim, men's heads bowed lower. "Miserere mei Deus. Miserere Domine."

At last it ended. The psalm died down, and on the dead silence that succeeded a light flared up suddenly, and showed a pale keen face and eyes that burned as they gazed, not at the dim crowd, but into the empty space above them, where grim carved faces peered vaguely out of fretted vaults. And the preacher began to preach.

In a low voice at first, and with little emotion, he spoke of the ways of God with His creatures, of the immensity of the past and the littleness of the present, of the omnipotence before which time and space and men were nothing, of the certainty that as God, the Almighty, the Everlasting, the ever-present, decreed, it *was*. And then, in fuller tones, he went on to speak of the Church, God's agent on earth, and of the work it had done in past ages—converting, protecting, shielding the weak, staying the strong, baptizing, marrying, burying—God's handmaid, God's vice-regent. "Of whom alone it comes," the preacher continued, raising his hand, and speaking now in a voice that throbbed through the spaces of the church, "that we are more than animals, that knowing who is behind the veil we fear not temporal things, nor think of death as the worst possible, as do the unbelieving; but having that on which we rest, outside and beyond the world, can view unmoved the worst that the world can do to us. We believe, therefore we are strong! We believe in God, therefore we are stronger than the world! We believe in God, therefore we are of God and not of the world! We are above the world, above the world, and in the strength of God, who is the God of Hosts, shall subdue the world!"

He paused, and then, in a lower tone, he continued: "Yet how do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing! They trample on God! They say this exists, I see it! That exists, I hear it! The other exists, I touch it! And that is all. But does it come of what we see and hear and feel that a man will die for his brother? Does it come of that we see and hear and feel that a man will die for a thought? That he will die for a creed? That he will die for honor? That, withal, he will die for anything—for anything, while he may live? I trow not. It comes of God! Of God only.

"And they trample on Him! In the streets, in the senate, in high places. And He says, 'Who is on my side?' My children, we have lived long in a time of ease and safety; we have been long untried by aught but the ordinary troubles of life, untrained by the imminent issues of life and death. Now it has pleased the Almighty to try us; and who is on His side? Who is prepared to put the unseen before the seen, honor before life, God before man, chivalry before baseness, the Church before the world? Who is on His side? Spurned in this little corner of His world, bruised and trampled under foot, yet ruler of earth and heaven, life and death, judgment and eternity, and all the countless worlds of space, He comes! He comes! He comes, God Almighty, which was and is and is to be! And who is on His side?"

As the last word fell from his lips, and the light above his head went out, and darkness fell on the breathless hush, the listening hundreds, an indescribable wave of emotion passed through the crowd. Men stirred their feet with a strange sound that, spreading, grew into muttered thunder, while women sobbed, and here and there shrieked and prayed aloud. From the altar a priest in a voice that shook with feeling blessed the crowd; then, even as I woke from a trance of attention, madame touched my arm, signed to me to follow her, and gliding quickly from her place, led the way down the aisle. Before the preacher's last words had ceased to ring in my ears we were walking under the stars; a moment, and we stood again in the lighted salon where I had first found Madame Catinot.

Before I knew what she was going to do she turned to me with a swift movement and laid both her bare hands on my arm, and I saw that the tears were running down her beautiful face. "Who is on my side?" she cried, in a voice that thrilled me to the soul. "Who is on my side? Oh, surely you! Surely you, monsieur! Whose fathers' swords were drawn for God and the King! Who, born to guide, are surely on the side of light! Who, noble, will never leave the task of government to the base! Oh—" and then, breaking off, before I could answer, she turned from me with her hands to her face. "O God!" she cried, "give me this man for Thy service!"

I stood, inexpressibly troubled, moved by the sight of this woman in tears, shaken by the conflict in my own soul, somewhat unmanned perhaps by what I had seen. For a moment I could not speak; when I did, "Madame," I said, unsteadily, "if I had known that it was for this! You have been kind to me, and I—I can make no return."

"Don't say it!" she cried, turning to me and pleading with me. "Don't say it!" And she laid her clasped hands on my arm and looked at me, and then in a moment smiled through her tears. "Forgive me," she said—"forgive me. I went about it wrongly. I feel—too much. I asked too quickly. But you will? You will, monsieur? You will be worthy of yourself?"

I groaned. "I hold their commission," I said.

"Return it!"

"But that will not acquit me!"

"Who is on my side?" she said, softly. "Who is on my side?"

I drew a deep breath. In the silence of the room the wood-ashes on the hearth settled down, and a clock ticked. "For God! For God and the King!" she said, looking up at me with shining eyes, with clasped hands.

I could have sworn in my pain. "To what purpose?" I said, almost rudely. "If I were to say yes, to what purpose, madame? What could I do that would help you? What—"

"Everything! Everything! You are one man more!" she cried. "One man more for the right. Listen, monsieur. You do not know what is afoot, or—"

She stopped suddenly, abruptly, and looked at me, listening, listening, with a new expression on her face. The door was not closed, and the voice of a man speaking in the hall below came up the staircase; an instant, and a quick foot crossed the hall and sounded on the stairs. The man was coming up.

Madame, face to face with me, dumb and listening, her tears dried, stood a moment as if taken by surprise. But at the last moment, warning me by a gesture to be silent, she darted to the door and went out, closing, not quite closing it behind her.

I judged that the man had almost reached it, for I heard him exclaim in surprise at her sudden appearance, and then he said something in a tone which did not reach me. I lost her answer too, but his next words were audible enough.

"You will not open the door?" he cried.

"THE MAN WAS LOUIS ST. ALAIS."

"Not of that room," she replied, bravely. "You can see me in the other, my friend."

Then silence. I could almost hear them breathing. I could picture them looking defiance at one another. And I grew hot.

"Oh, this is intolerable!" he cried at last. "Are you to receive every stranger that comes to town? Are you to be closeted with them, and sup with them while I eat my heart out outside? Am I— I will go in!"

"You shall not!" she cried. But I thought that the indignation in her voice rang false, that laughter underlay it. "It is enough that you insult me," she continued, grimly. "But if you dare to touch me, or if you insult him—"

"Him!" he cried, fiercely. "Him indeed! Madame, I tell you at once I have borne enough. I have suffered this more than once, but—"

But I had no longer any doubt, and before he could add the next word I was at the door, I had snatched it open, and stood before him. Madame fell back with a cry between tears and laughter, and we looked at one another.

The man was Louis St. Alais.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HER BEAUTY.

HER beauty Time may pilfer by degrees:
The rosy lines that round her dimples play—
But ne'er those graces which my fancy sees
In all their flowery charm of early May.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

HOSPITALS FOR INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

FEW cities in the world are provided with hospitals in which persons suffering with infectious diseases, such as scarlet fever and diphtheria, may be treated, and at the same time have all of the comforts and attentions to which gently nurtured people are accustomed. And no American city save Boston is provided at all in the way mentioned. All cities have pest-houses, which are usually rough and uncomfortable places, rather than go to which gentle people would almost prefer to die. But when a man or woman or child falls a victim to an infectious disease, unless the patient is so lodged that complete isolation can be secured, the public officials give the patient no choice in the matter—the sufferer must go to the pest-house. Families living in their own houses can usually secure this isolation without great difficulty or expense, and it is rare that a patient in such a situation is molested. But families living in boarding-houses, in hotels, or in apartment-houses are usually compelled to go to the places which the public has provided for those stricken with infectious and contagious diseases. And these places, inadequate and rough and ready as they generally are, are held in horror even greater than they deserve.

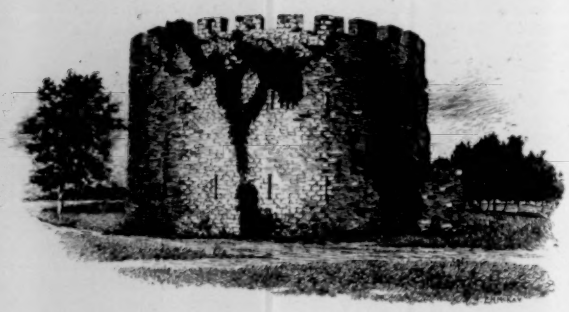
The inconveniences and the pains endured by those who have suffered for the lack of proper hospitals for the treatment of infectious diseases have been so common that there are few persons who do not personally know some one who has had a disagreeable experience of this nature. The writer has a friend whose daughter, a child of six, was taken ill with scarlet fever six years ago. This gentleman was just beginning to make some headway in his profession, and had in bank $2500, with which he meant to establish a home. He was at the time living with his wife and daughter in a boarding-house. His child was not permitted to remain in the boarding-house, and the idea of having her sent to North Brother Island was too obnoxious to be considered. In this perplexity he hired a house uptown, and hurriedly furnished such parts as were immediately needed. He had no time to pick and choose and secure a bargain in a house, so he took the first thing that seemed at all suitable. The rent was beyond his means, and the expenses he was now under soon exhausted his little store of money. Then he went in debt. The child, after a long illness, recovered, but the father's affairs were so disarranged by the expenses of this illness that he has not in six years discharged all the debts then incurred. Had there been a proper hospital for the treatment of his daughter, this man and his family would probably now be enjoying prosperity instead of being crippled by debt.

Here is another case, cited by a well-known physician in New York. "The child of a prominent New York woman, who lives in an apartment on Fifth Avenue, fell ill with scarlet fever. The woman's rooms were practically as much shut off from the other suites as one house is from another. The people in the house knew the nature of the disease, but nothing was said. The girl was cared for in her own room. Soon afterwards the second child caught the disease. Then the people in the house became alarmed. But the woman was still allowed to stay with her children. The children recovered, went away with their mother for a week, and returned. The next day the third child became ill with scarlet fever. This was too much. The owner of the house said he was very sorry, but as the other guests were threatening to leave, he must protect himself and ask her to take the child to the proper hospital. There was only one, the Willard Parker, whose accommodations were intended for an entirely different class of people. But there the child had to be taken, and the denial to her of the sick-room surroundings to which she had been accustomed was a real hardship, and also a real danger." Not a prominent physician in New York but could relate, if asked, similar incidents to this one.

For a number of years the physicians in New York have from time to time discussed the desirability of founding such an institution. There was always a serious obstacle in the way—the inability to secure a proper site. This, however, will probably now be obtained from the city, which owns ground at the foot of East Sixteenth Street. Mrs. John W. Minturn, through Dr. John W. Brannan, the physician quoted above, has offered to give $25,000 towards the establishment of such a hospital, and the president of the Board of Health has pledged his good offices to secure the site. This sum offered by Mrs. Minturn is not enough to build and equip such a hospital, but it will go a good way towards it, and it is confidently expected that many others will contribute, so that the hospital can be started as quickly as possible. The owners of apartment-houses and hotels would naturally be warmly interested in an institution to which guests could be sent without danger of hardship.

In some of the Boston hospitals rooms are now set apart for the treatment of infectious diseases, and this may be so to some extent in some other cities, but it is not likely. In New York a patient must go to the Willard Parker, which is a reception hospital, and then be taken to North Brother Island. A more worthy cause in which to bestow surplus wealth it would be hard to find than this which Mrs. Minturn, with thoughtful generosity, has taken up.

EVENING PARADE.



THE OLD ROUND TOWER, ERECTED 1819.

FORT SNELLING, OLD AND NEW.

WERE you to mix well together love-stories and tales of war, a century of history, songs of children and war-cry of Indian, blare of bugle and chant of priest, rattle of drum and orchestral strains, crack of rifle and boom of cannon and dirges for the dead—were you to blend these well together you might then paint from the pigment a picture of old Fort Snelling, one of the historic places of Western America, long prominent in Northwestern annals in times of peace and times of war.

Within its walls have served, either as commanders or subordinates, some of the most famous men in the military history of the West during the past seventy-seven years. It has been an important rallying-point for massed forces. It has been a place strategic in the earlier and later skirmishes with the red men. It has been the scene of much that was exciting in battle, much that was tender in romance. It will be through the years to come a rich storehouse of material for those who shall write the history or the poesy or the narration or the romance of the ever-picturesque Westland.

From its battlemented heights one sees, away to the right, the blue waters of the Minnesota, a swift, strong stream in its lower course; to the left, the high bluffs of the Mississippi flowing steadily between. Far to the southward, through the dim blue haze, you may see the two rivers, now blent into one, sweeping on resistless to the Gulf.

The fort stands on a huge limestone bluff over a hundred feet above the rivers, commanding a wide sweep of country. It was a formidable fortress in the earlier days of the century, and it would even now, did danger threaten, be a strong point of vantage. For over three-quarters of a century the grim old buildings, low-roofed and strong of wall, have stood at the edge of the bluff, while, as the years have passed, new and more modern and more comfortable buildings have found their way along the bluff to the south—little similar, architecturally speaking, to the low squat quarters of stone where so many thousands of men were housed in the days when the fort was one of the outposts of civilization. It speaks much for the sentiment of the soldier that these picturesque old buildings have been allowed to stand. When you get down to the core of your true soldier's heart, whether he sprung from civilian ranks or was trained in the stern school of the government—when you get to the core you will find it strong pulsing with sentimentality. 'Tis not only the manœuvres of war he learns in a great post like this; along with them he studies the sly stratagems of the dimpled archer who shoots a shaft more deadly than the lead of the shrieking Hotchkiss.

In September, 1820, the fort was begun, and finished two years later. It was strongly built of stone, and was intended primarily as a defence from Indian attacks, a refuge for settlers, and a rendezvous for troops, who might have military duty of many kinds in the vast territory of which this was the only governmental fortification.

The fort was laid out on the bluff overlooking the two rivers, in an irregular diamond-shaped form, with stone bastions or towers at each of the four angles of the high stone wall which shut in the fort proper. The quarters of the men are standing yet, with the round tower, which was located at the extreme western angle of the fortifications. The hexagonal bastion which was erected on the Minnesota River side still remains, a solid piece of masonry, looking out from its deep port-holes down over the Minnesota Valley, and away across the river to the bluff, behind which there even now is camped the remnant of a band of Indians—you may all but see the smoke of their tepees from the bastion's front.

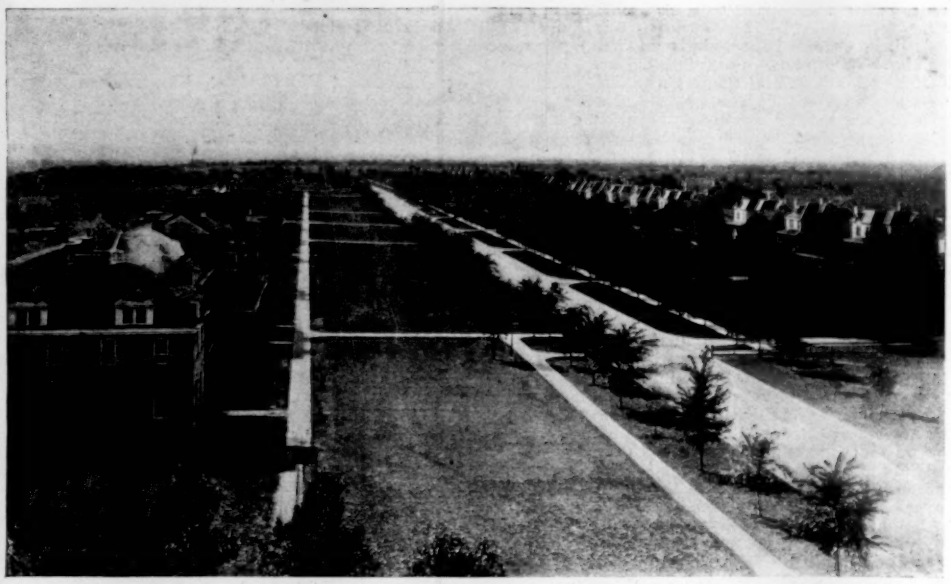
Colonel E. C. Mason, the present commandant of the fort, has earnestly recommended that the wall which surrounded the fort be restored to its original form, that the interior be reserved as a museum for the preservation of all manner of souvenirs and relics of the early days in the Northwest.

The ground on which the fort is located is part of an immense tract of land secured by treaty from the Sioux and Chippewa Indians in the year 1805. Lieutenant Z. M. Pike made the treaty, and it was ratified by Congress. By its stipulations one hundred thousand acres of land, including the Falls of St. Anthony and the sites of the present cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, were secured from the Indians, the price paid being the munificent sum of $2000. The tract of land has been reduced from time to time, until it now consists of a little over fifteen hundred acres.

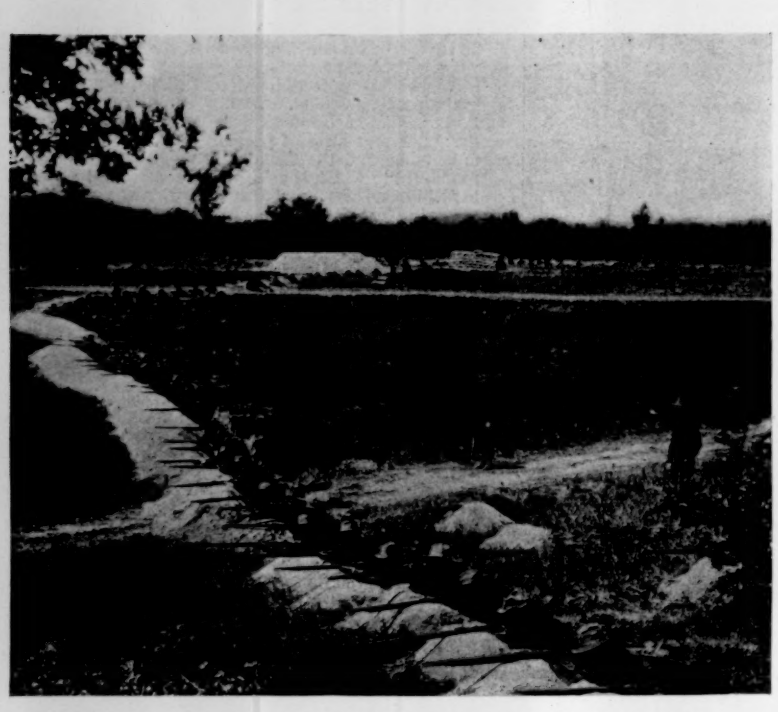
There are long, splendidly built, and carefully kept barracks for the men, commodious buildings for the transaction of the large amount of business which is a part of the post life, handsome officers' quarters bordering a beautiful street, a splendid parade-ground and rifle-range, so large and ample in size that the troops are enabled to indulge in the most intricate and extended manœuvrings. The grounds are kept scrupulously neat, and a vast amount of work has been done to adorn the post. The fort was named for Colonel Joseph Snelling in 1824, at the suggestion of General Scott.

During the history of the fort some of the leading military figures of the nation have held positions at the post, either as commandants or underofficers. One of the most interesting characters ever entertained at the post—and it has entertained some of the most famous men of recent generations, Presidents, generals, titled foreigners, and what not—was Dred Scott, the colored man, whose name will ever remain identified with the decision which marked a strange epoch in the history of a nation struggling with the most tremendous problem that ever confronted a republic. Scott was married at the fort.

The fort as it now stands is one of the most important in the United States. Certainly there is none more important in the Central West. It has command of a territory a thousand miles in diameter, of which it is the focal point, with such railroad facilities that a full regiment might be thrown into the field or into any one of the large cities in its radius within twelve hours from the time of receiving command to move. Thousands of men have been massed at this point, when there were threatened Indian outbreaks, for distribution to Northwestern points, and in case of serious difficulty with mobs in cities like Chicago or Milwaukee or Omaha, a thousand men could be on board the cars and on their way to the threatened point at any time of the day or night within three-quarters of an hour from



VIEW OF THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS FROM THE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING.



EXTENDED ORDER DRILL—TRENCHES THROWN UP BY TRENCH-KNIVES.

BASTION OF THE ORIGINAL FORT, LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER.

IN THE TEAMSTERS' QUARTERS—READY TO START.

ON THE MARCH—PITCHING TENTS FOR THE NIGHT.

the time of receiving marching orders. At the foot of the bluff where the fort stands runs one of the through lines to Chicago and the East, and it would be a matter of but a few moments' time to throw the whole force of the fort into either one of the cities of St. Paul or Minneapolis, or, if necessary, send them on to any point of the compass beyond.

The men are kept in constant readiness for marching orders. There is in the barracks every emergency preparation known to facilitate the arming of the men at an instant's notice, and the whole camp, including all the wagoners and teamsters, is kept in a condition to respond instantly to a call for aid.

The Third Regiment of Infantry is the post regiment. It has not only served with distinction through the wars of the republic, but it has the added distinction of being the oldest regiment in the army. It will celebrate its centennial on the last day of May, 1896. While it stands as the third regiment in notation, it really is the first in point of age, as it contained as a part of its complement the members of the first regiment of the regular army ever organized, which was merged into the present Third at the conclusion of the war of 1812. So it really can trace its lineage back to the time the original First was organized, June 3, 1784, this same First Regiment, as noted, having been absorbed by the present Third.

During this century of service the Third has been many times depleted and replenished through a series of the most desperate battles in the history of the nation. It has been from its origin a fighting regiment. It has seen service in the Indian wars from the time it took part in the Seminole war to the very present. It was a factor in the war of 1812, the war with Mexico, and the war of the rebellion—a factor of much importance. It has participated in a large number of Indian fights, and was at the front participating in the following battles: Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec, City of Mexico, Fort Defiance, Bull Run ('61), Santa Rosa Island, Fort Pickens, Shiloh, Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill, Bull Run ('62), Fredericksburg, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta, and Jonesboro.

The fort lies about midway between the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. It is the scene of many charming social events, the summer-time affording opportunity for witnessing the elaborate evening parades which form an interesting feature of the close of every military day in such a post as this. In the winter seasons there are delightful receptions and balls, and the post colony itself has many events of its own, so large is the number of officers and their families.

From the time the reveille sounds at six o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, until taps ring out at eleven at night, the fort is a beehive of life and activity. Everything is conducted on the strictest military lines. The

COLONEL E. C. MASON, U. S. A.,
Commandant of Fort Snelling.

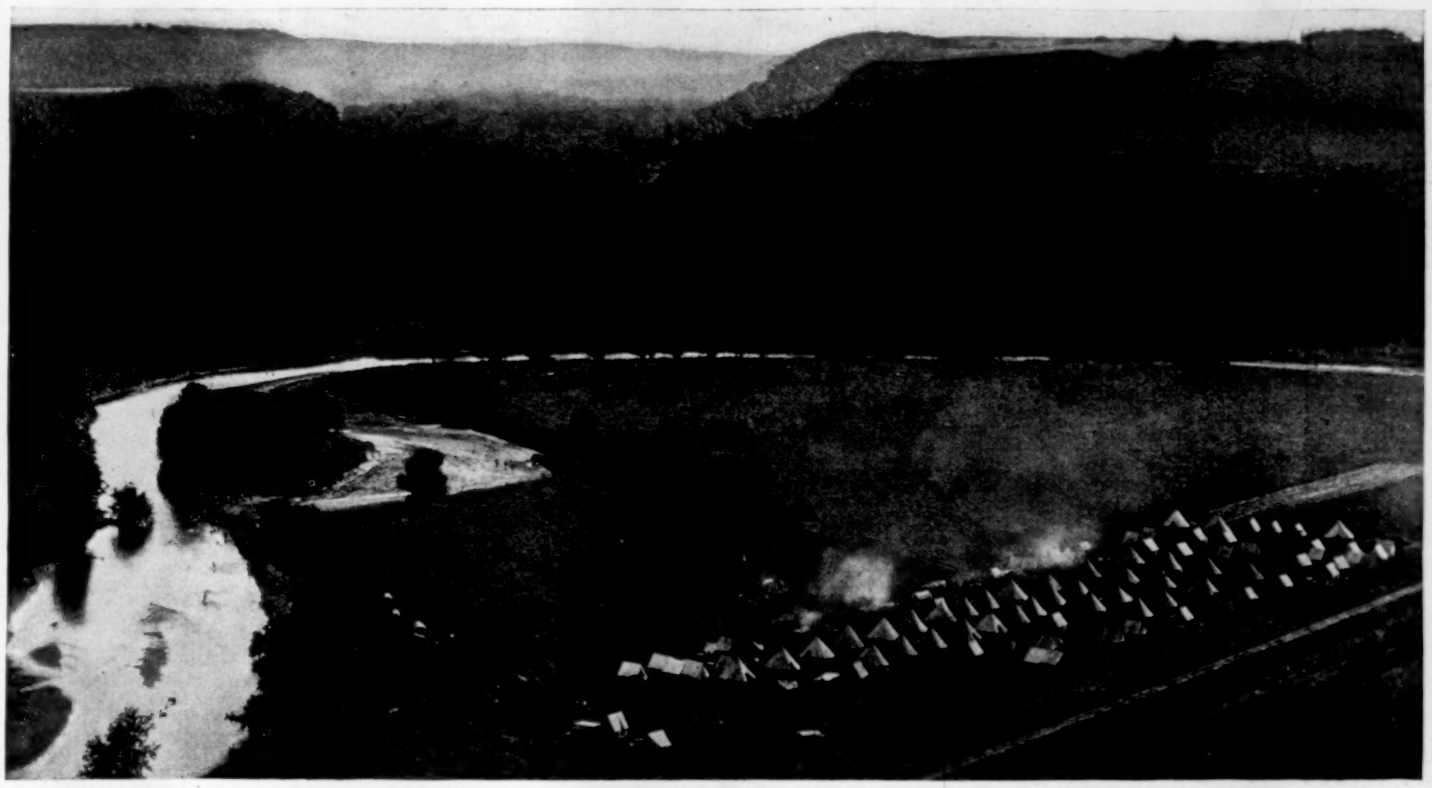
men are taught discipline at every step. They are bound by such rules and restrictions as the civilian is wholly ignorant of, such rules and regulations as are essential to the efficiency of the army, small though it be, and insignificant in the sight of the armies of the other nations of the world. It is such discipline as makes a band of marauding Indians run to cover; that brings cheer after cheer from the pavement throngs as a regiment of regulars swings with rhythmic tread down the street; that reassures the citizen, when he reads of the militarism of Europe, with the thought of the magnificent influence which this discipline would exert did the horrid front of war appear in his own country; that enables a regiment of troops to hold at bay ten thousand mob-ruled men, and scatter them, when sullenness deepens to riot, like so many scared sheep; that mows down a horde of anarchists and asserts the splendid supremacy of national law.

An incident which, for obvious reasons, did not find its way into print in the daily newspapers at the time of its occurrence, but which I may here briefly recount without any violation of confidence, illustrates how important a factor this fort has become in the civic as well as in the military life of the Northwest.

In the dark days of midsummer, 1894, when the whole country was with intense anxiety awaiting the outcome of the great railroad strike, Colonel Mason, the commandant of the fort, received a telegram, while he was at church one Sunday morning, ordering the Third under arms, for call to Chicago at a moment's notice. In less than an hour from the time the telegram was received the regiment was equipped for the field; all the accoutrements, all the munitions, all the impedimenta of war were ready. This was a precautionary move; it was impossible to tell, so cloudy the skies at Chicago, how soon there might be need of more troops.

But it was learned about this time that there were threats—by no means open but none the less serious—that as soon as the Third Regiment left Fort Snelling a mob would seize the depots of the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, take complete control of them, prevent the arrival or the departure of the trains, and thus cut off the possibility of the troops being returned from Chicago. With a mob in control of these two cities it would be difficult to say what the outcome might be; it might do much to complicate the case from a national as well as a local stand-point. Information came to the War Department that such a move was in contemplation, the Third staid at Fort Snelling, and the mob was checkmated.

The commandant of Fort Snelling, Colonel E.C. Mason, is a man popular with both soldier and civilian. He has been in the regular service many years. He entered the service as Captain of the Second Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, in April, 1861, serving throughout the war of the rebellion with much distinction. During the war he was brevetted Major, Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel, and Brigadier-General of Volunteers. When mustered out of the service



CAMPING OVERNIGHT ON THE BANK OF THE CANNON RIVER.

he was colonel of the 176th Ohio Volunteers. He elected to remain with the regular army, however, and since the war of the rebellion has held many places of prominence in various departments of the army.

He has been in command of Fort Snelling for the past six years, and will continue in command until the expiration of another year, when he will be placed on the retired list. Personally he is a most delightful man to meet, and

WINTER UNIFORM, 3D REGIMENT. Used in unusually cold Weather.

REGULAR WINTER UNIFORM, 3d Regiment (Fort Snelling).

he is very popular with the officers and men of the garrison. He is as unswerving a soldier as he is loyal an American.

At whatever time you may be entertained at this fort, whether when the winter snows are deep and the hearthstones are aglow, or whether it be when the midsummer sun is high in the heavens, you will find the hospitality unbounded, the military spirit at its highest and best, the *personnel* of officers and men such as will impress you not only with the dignity but with the strength of those who are here maintaining year by year the ancient and honorable reputation of this, one of the oldest and one of the most important and one of the most charming army posts in the United States. W. S. HARWOOD.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

CEYLON ROADS AND VEHICLES.

WHOEVER wants to know anything about Ceylon must go into the country itself. The people who merely call at Colombo—who take a day's amusement at the Cinnamon Gardens, pay a visit to the Buddhist temple, take tiffin with a hospitable Anglo-Indian in his bungalow by the lake, and stroll along the avenue of the principal street on their way back to the steamer—know nothing of the wonderful island, and, if possible, less of its people. The purposes of our visit, at any rate, required more than this, and after a short delay we prepared to see something of the country, and what it had to show of methods of transportation both ancient and modern.

Ceylon, it should be remembered, is an island but little smaller than Ireland, possessed of a soil of wonderful fertility, and a climate which forces a rapid succession of all the most characteristic vegetable productions of the tropics, with a luxuriance hardly equalled in any other part of the world. There was a time when Ceylon served as the granary of large districts of southern India, and when the country overflowed with a native population by whom few parts of its surface were left uncultivated. There are evidences on every side of an industrial civilization once as widespread and active as since then it has been stagnant and decaying. When the island fell into the hands of its present masters its population had dwindled to little over a million of souls, its roads and irrigation works had fallen into decay, much of the country, especially in the north, had fallen back into the condition of a wilderness, and the people raised little more either of fruits or grain than was required to support themselves. This was the effect of long ages of savage oppression and misrule, and nothing could be done to remedy it till the British put an end to the race of the native kings of Kandy, and made the whole island a crown colony of England. The era of progress for Ceylon dates from that event.

Road-making was the first step to improvement. Sixty years ago there were no roads worthy of the name in the island. Tracks that went by the name of course existed, but they were for the most part without any bridges, a want more than usually fatal in a country of watercourses and tropical rains. To-day there are roads in every direction, although it is still only the main lines that are so bridged as to provide at all seasons for traffic. In Ceylon the main lines are those that run from the hill country to the ports, as it is from the hills that the principal exports of the country come at present. The roads here are excellent, no expense having been spared in their construction. On first leaving Colombo, indeed, the attractions of the road mainly consist in its intensely Oriental features. It winds through a forest of cocoa-trees, opening from time to time into an endless variety of delicious vistas of cool green shadow flecked with bars and splashes of vivid sunshine. Now and then a native village is seen nestling in a palm-shaded recess, where troops of brown children play or lie about lazily in the full blaze of the sun. Now we meet a string of the strange-looking wagons of the country, perched on their two wheels and drawn by the quaint humped oxen of the island; and again there is a stretch of swampy ground beside the road, where small black buffaloes wallow half hidden in the mud, and turn an eye half lazy, half savage upon the intruders on their morning bath.

Except on the higher slopes of the hills, every road in Ceylon is more or less a forest road, but as we begin the ascent from the plain the change of scenery soon becomes apparent. The character of the vegetation changes; the endless rows of tall nodding palms give place to a variety of trees, some of them very beautiful; the country is seamed with the beds of streams and small rivers that are evidently at times swollen to headlong torrents, to judge by the provision in the way of bridges that soar far above the beds of the diminutive streams which sparkle in the sunlight far below. Glimpses of the romantic hills in front and of the wide-spreading sea of vegetation below that stretches away to the glimmering ocean-line open up on every side. The road winds upward through the gorges, generally at a grade which must render cartage of anything like heavy loads on their return journey almost an impossibility for the ox teams which are now met at every turn in long processions slowly making their way down to the port, principally with loads of tea from the plantations on the hills. These Ceylon ox-carts are in their way an interesting and instructive example of native transportation, and add much to the peculiar interest of the scenery. There is an abundance, indeed, both of novelty and of life on every side as we ascend the first slopes of the mountain region. The road itself is a monument of careful construction and ingenious engineering, and the traffic upon it shows what an advantage it has proved to the country. Native villages are numerous, and evidently abound in population, and every here and there we come upon a valley the bottom of which is utilized for the growth of rice, the staple grain of the island. A close view of the villages, though interesting, certainly does not impress one with the idea that they would be likely to afford accommodation for people accustomed to the refinements of a Western civilization. Whatever degree of civilization they may have it is clearly of a different sort from our own, and doesn't concern itself much with what we should consider either cleanliness or comfort. Yet except in the very largest towns there are no hotels in Ceylon, and the number of Europeans, resident or visiting, could never support them in the country districts, where, as I can testify from experience, a white stranger is a sufficient rarity to attract an attention almost more embarrassing than gratifying. To meet this want the system of government rest-houses has been applied with complete success.

In Ceylon the horse is essentially an article of luxury. At a few miles from Colombo he becomes as rare an animal as the elephant, and, indeed, for purposes of native transit, much less common. Except for the mail-coaches, of which there are still a few in districts not yet reached by the railways, horses are not used even for draught purposes, unless occasionally by a European planter. There are a few camels in use in some districts; donkeys are occasionally to be seen; elephants are in use for purposes of very heavy draught; but the true burden-bearers of Ceylon are the humped oxen or zebus of the country. These are of several breeds, ranging from large, heavy, powerful animals, slow of pace and well fitted for the heavy cart traffic done by them, but hopelessly unfitted for any work requiring speed, to the elegantly formed little zebu, swift-footed and delicately limbed, which can amble along in an ox-drosky at the rate of six miles an hour.

The ox-cart of Ceylon, two varieties of which are shown in our illustrations, is so singular as to stand almost alone amongst weight-carrying vehicles. The cart consists of a heavy frame, which is invariably mounted on two wheels only. The largest carts carry a load of about two tons, which is loaded with such skill that its whole weight is balanced evenly on the axle in the centre. The bottom of the cart is not long, but the top extends like an inverted scoop for some distance both before and behind. Both sides and roof are formed of plaited leaves of the cocoa-palm worked through a light frame-work of bamboo cane, and present a covering absolutely impervious even to tropical rain. Ox-carts are usually drawn by two zebus, but occasionally four are used on hilly roads where there are up grades. The mode of harnessing is perhaps the simplest in use. To the pole, which extends from the front of the cart, a broad cross-piece is securely lashed, which is laid across the necks of the oxen behind their horns and in front of the fleshy hump on their shoulders; a rope or leathern strap is passed round the neck of each ox to keep the cross-piece in position, and the harness is complete. The driver, seated on the pole close to the tails of his team, guides them by two ropes fastened to rings in their noses, and persuades them to quicken their pace when it becomes too deliberate by the simple expedient of pulling and twisting their tails. From the excellent balance of the load there can be little weight thrown on the necks of the oxen, while the plan which throws the pressure of the draught upon the fleshy hump of the shoulders has probably hit upon the easiest way of bringing the full weight and strength of the animal to bear upon his work. The luggage-transfer cart in our picture shows the plan adopted for smaller loads drawn by single zebus. In this case the cart is of lighter construction, and is supplied with shafts instead of a pole, while the animal used is usually of a much lighter and more active build. The method of harnessing, and, one may add, that also of driving, are absolutely the same as in the case of the heavier carts.

The rickshaw is not an up-country institution. It is, in fact, a modern invention substituted for the native palankeen, carried, like the old Sedan chair, by human bearers. The rickshaw is the hansom-cab of Colombo and other Ceylon cities, and an active rickshaw man will make quite as good time with one of these light wheelbarrow-carriages as an ordinary cab-horse in a hansom. Their only serious drawback, indeed, is that, unlike the bicycle immortalized in song, they are not "built for two."

CEYLON REST-HOUSES.

BY J. G. PANGBORN.

THE "rest-house" is a governmental system of providing road-side accommodations, carried in Ceylon to a higher standard of excellence possibly than in any other of the Eastern countries. English occupation has everywhere been synonymous with the development of resources, and it has ever been recognized that the first step in this direction must be the opening of roads and their maintenance in good condition. It was early found that the use of the roads by Europeans and the better class of natives depended to a large extent upon the possibility of breaking journey at convenient stages, especially at night. In a newly opened-up country it could not be that suitable places for the entertainment of travellers would exist at points where most required, and as the natives themselves were not to be depended upon to furnish adequate entertainment, the government decided to erect and furnish rest-houses as a part of the general road system.

The result in Ceylon is that throughout the island, where means of communication by roadways have been established, there are at convenient points neat and comfortably furnished stopping-places, managed by natives, it is true, but under the close supervision of the roadway officials, who are Europeans. The rest-houses, many of them, compare favorably with the best of the private bungalows in the sections where they are located; and not infrequently the taste displayed in the planting and training of flowers, foliage plants, vines, and ferns, together with the artistic architecture, renders them pictures worthy of a painter's brush. These houses are in charge of a native, who is known as the butler, and who for the care of the establishment has the privilege of supplying the edibles, substantial as well as liquid. All the charges are fixed by the government, and those for rooms, etc., become a part of the government revenue, while those for meals, etc., are the butler's. As a rule the accommodations are limited to such as are requisite for a half-dozen people, and the cost of entertainment is very moderate indeed, especially to those travelling with English letters of credit, which insures Ceylon money at the ratio of about two for one. Five or six rupees per day, or from a dollar and a quarter to a dollar and a half, meets all requirements, including the indispensable tips all around. At a number of the stations of the railway the rest-houses are the only available places of accommodation, and if there was as good a one at Kandy as at Banderawella, for instance, it would be far preferable to the so-called first-class hotel there. However, one should not be too particular in a far country; and if Kandy is not provided with what it will doubtless one day have, travellers in Ceylon should by no means regard a rest-house as undesirable because of a more or less unfamiliarity with the term. They are as a whole models of cleanliness and capable service; and they are largely free from the multiplicity of servants, who, at the hotels, appear to largely outnumber the guests, but are only visible when the traveller is ready to depart. At the rest-houses, as a rule, it is only the two or three who care for the rooms, wait upon the table, and are always at beck and call day or night.

A VISION.

JUST now the bluebird's wing
Flashed by the pane.
What was the splendid thing
Flashed in its train?
Winds that in fragrant shower
Fruit petals throw,
Storms of the cherry flower,
Apple wreaths' snow,
Brooks in an arrowy swell,
Rainbows and foam,
Deep in the deepest dell
Thrushes come home,
Hosts of the willow plume
Powdering their gold,
Clouds of white-violet bloom
Breaking the mould,
Rose, of all darlings queen,
Bursting the bud,
Woods waving wild and green,
Sunshine a flood,
Lovers with dear vague dreams,
Filling each breast—
Gladder than gladness seems
All their unrest—
Flashed on the bluebird's wing,
Virginal vision,
This was the splendid thing,
Spring's apparition!

H. P. SPOFFORD.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE EVOLUTION OF THE AMATEUR PITCHER.

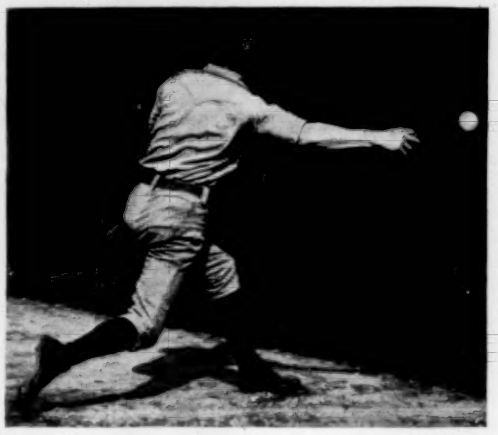
BY J. A. TYNG.

EVER since the discovery of the "out-curve," in the year 1875, there has been a gradual removal of all restrictions in the rules in regard to the altitude of the pitcher's arm in delivering the ball, so that the pitcher of to-day has been enabled to reach a degree of proficiency beyond which it is hard to imagine any further improvement of a radical kind. His present "assortment" of "drops," "curves," "shoots," "slows," "rises," etc., may be converted into a higher and better quality of goods, but there seems to be little probability of his being able to make any startling additions of new wares to his "stock in trade." In his stock, not exposed to public gaze, he keeps a little piece of delicate mechanism which is very useful in conjunction with these curves, shoots, and other articles already mentioned, and quite an important part of a complete outfit. As this little machine is capable of selecting with great exactness the proper curve, shoot, or drop to be produced under the varying and complicated conditions of the modern game, its usefulness would

seem quite apparent, and yet a great many pitchers do not seem to "need it in their business," but are quite satisfied to ignore its usefulness, and to leave to chance the impartial distribution of their "goods, wares, and merchandise."

To those, therefore, who are young in the game, and sin through ignorance, and to those "children of a larger growth" who are too apt to overlook the fact that the brain is a most important ally of a good pitcher, the following description of the qualifications necessary for success in this branch of sport, together with a few hints and suggestions gathered from an experience going back to the introduction of underhand throwing, it is hoped may not be of a too elementary character.

There are certain physical characteristics which every successful pitcher should possess, and it is not necessary to waste much time in expatiating on their obvious importance. A speedy delivery and a thorough command of all the curves are the indispensable parts of a pitcher's "outfit," without which he cannot consider himself fully equipped. Possessed of them, the success of his subsequent career will very largely depend on how much these



IN-SHOOT.

essential qualities are controlled by intelligence, and how far he is capable of guiding his footsteps by the "lamp of experience."

Of course it is obvious that while it is a very good thing to have plenty of speed, it is only in conjunction with other qualities that speed becomes an efficient factor in the pitcher's delivery. Pure speed, unvaried by deceptive drops and curves, may be successful against the unskilled or timid batsman, but is of no avail against one who is not afraid to "stand up to" the plate and "pick out" the good balls as they come along; but united with a good command of the ball and used in alternation with drops, curves, and a well-disguised change of pace, it then becomes of great assistance to the pitcher in attaining the one object for which he is always striving, namely, to deceive the batsman.

The same reasoning applies to curve-pitching, and it is obviously a great mistake for the pitcher to get "stuck on" a pet drop or curve, and to allow his partiality for that particular ball to get control over him. I remember a very striking illustration of this in my first experience with curve-pitching. It has been said that Cummings of the old "Mutuals" was in the habit of curving the ball long before the adoption of underhand throwing, but I never saw any effective use made of the curve until 1875, when Mann, the Princeton College pitcher, made a great stir in the baseball world by his wide and effective curve. I was a member of the Harvard nine at that time, and when we played our first game that year at Princeton, we were treated to an exhibition of the effectiveness of this new style of pitching. The first man to the bat on our side promptly struck out, the second followed suit, and the third did the same. Out of the first nine men at the bat, eight, I think, were unable to hit the ball. We had no idea what was the trouble, except that the bat and ball seemed to have a repulsion for each other which we could not overcome. About the fifth inning, one of our men, who had been standing behind the catcher, came back with the announcement that the balls were curving away from the batsman. There was a general exodus on our part to the back stop to watch this unheard-of phenomenon. Sure enough, there were the balls coming in for the middle of the plate, and curving off beyond the reach of the bat. But we also noticed that Mann was pitching *nothing but curves.*

By the time we had fully realized what was happening, six innings of the game had been played, and the score was seven to two against us. Taking the longest bats we could find, and letting the *apparently* good balls go by, and devoting our energies to those which *seemed* to be coming directly at us, on the supposition that the curve would carry them out where we could hit them, we began to make the bat "connect" with the ball, and finally managed to pull the game out of the fire. Of course Mann's mistake of not varying his curve with a straight ball was a fatal one. He had got a "good thing," and on the principle that you cannot get too much of that kind of a commodity, he made the fullest use of it. He learned wisdom by experience, however, as in the game with Yale a few days later he pitched his curved balls in alternation with straight ones, and Yale was unable to score a run.

Of the various curves used by the pitcher there is no doubt that the "drop" is most effective, and proficiency in this is most important, and one who has full command of this curve may prove a very effective pitcher, although he may not be "up" in either the old-fashioned out or rising curve. Still, I have often found that these old-fashioned curves can be sometimes used to great advantage, and are very "handy to have in the house." I have in mind a ball-player against whom I have pitched frequently, a hard-hitting, left-handed batter, and a most difficult man to "fool," and yet I have found that a rising curve coming "in" to his bat was as effective a ball as I could pitch to him.

At the present time, when the number of balls which can be "wasted" by the pitcher without incurring the penalty of a "base on balls" is so limited, a thorough command of the ball becomes a most important consideration. This accuracy can be attained only by hard and constant practice. Without it no pitcher can hope to become successful, no matter how effective may be his delivery. His sharp curves and puzzling drops will deceive the batsman, but his lack of control over the ball will more than offset his other advantages, and while the base hits made "off of" his delivery may be few, the bases on balls will be many, and may operate just as effectually in losing the game as the base hits made off a pitcher who would generally be classed as much less effective. No pitcher should be satisfied with himself until he has attained sufficient skill to deliver the ball, not only over the plate, but over the inner or the outer side of it, as the position of the batsman may render proper, or, in other words, to "cut the corners." Many batsmen have a tendency to take their position as near the plate as possible, or, in other words, to "crowd" it. To such a batter a ball delivered over the inner corner of the plate may be a most effective one, because if he lets it alone it will be called a strike, and if he strikes at it he is not likely to hit it effectually, owing to the cramped position he must be in when he swings his bat. The opposite will, of course, hold good in the case of the batsman who stands well away from the plate. In this case a ball delivered over the outer corner of the plate is the one most calculated to be effective. In both of these cases I am speaking of the delivery of a "good ball"—that is, one which if not struck at would be called a "strike." It may be that the pitcher has "wasted" several balls on the batsmen, and he dare not pitch any more wide ones for fear of a base on balls. It is at this time that control over the ball becomes most necessary. The batter is now expecting a ball over the plate. One that cuts the middle of the plate would probably suit him best, while one over the inner or outer corner, as the case may be, if not struck at would be called a strike, and if struck at might be missed, or result in an easy "out." Ernst, the old Harvard pitcher who was so instrumental in winning the championship against Yale for the four successive years that he pitched on the team, was a most conspicuous example of the effectiveness that comes from command of the ball. He pitched before the day of the drop-curve. He was speedy, to be sure, but his "curves" were not very marked or deep, and his principal effectiveness consisted in his remarkable control of the ball, his ability to pitch a ball over the outer or inner corner of the plate: a "good ball" technically, but in reality a very bad ball for the particular batsman. He had no record as a "strike-out" pitcher. He wasted very few balls, but tempted the batsman with balls that were not quite good enough to hit effectively, and not quite bad enough to let go by for fear of a strike being called.

I have laid much stress on this quality of accuracy, for the reason that my four years' experience in catching Ernst's delivery has abundantly demonstrated to me its value, and I should advise any young pitcher who has a desire to become proficient to devote a large part of his practice time to the development of this most necessary quality. Practice delivering the ball over the plate, and do not be satisfied until you find you are successful on the average nine out of ten times. After this try for the "corners," and when you have acquired ability to "work" them, you will find that you can hold your own with pitchers who deliver the ball with much more speed and greater curves than you, but who lack the steadiness and control over the ball which you possess.

To the average batsman a well-disguised change of pace is a very effective delivery. Of course it is essential that the slow ball be delivered with the same motion as the swift, and this is difficult to acquire, but when thoroughly mastered you may be sure that you will keep the batsmen "guessing." It was to this change of pace that A. G. Spalding, in the old days, when he pitched on the Boston League team in the early seventies, owed his effectiveness. The day of the curve had not then arrived, and, in fact, "underhand throwing" was not even permitted. The pitcher was obliged to swing his arm straight by his side like a pendulum. I have batted a great many times against his pitching, but I always had a feeling of uncertainty as to whether the next ball would be swift or slow, and consequently in most cases was prepared for neither. Now, however, since the pitcher is allowed to throw the ball without restrictions as to the height of his arm, and has all the curves at his command, his reliance seems to be placed almost entirely on these, and yet I am sure that a change of pace, properly used—that is to say, supplemented by the use of "curves" and "drops," would be as effective to-day as it ever was. Of the more modern pitchers, Keefe, formerly of the New-Yorks, and Clarkson of the Clevelands, were probably the two most successful in deceiving the batsman by this change of pace, and I have seen the former completely baffle some of the best batsmen in the country by this mode of delivery. "King" Kelly, then in his prime, used to make the most ludicrous efforts to hit his "slows," and I have seen him struck out by three in succession, which did not reach the plate until after the bat had been frantically swung. The "King" evidently in each case expected a speedy ball.

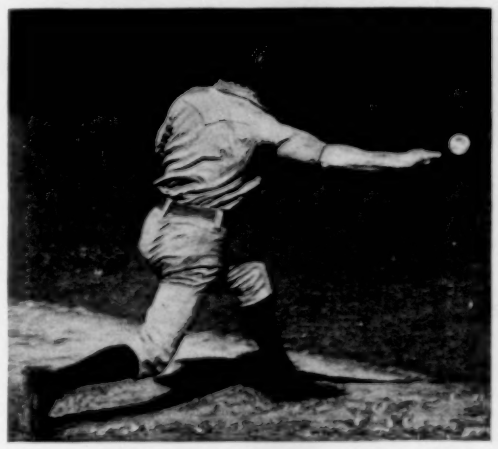
To the physical qualities already enumerated as essential to a successful pitcher must be added the mental characteristics of coolness, and a quick appreciation of the particular weaknesses of the opposing batsman.

By coolness is meant the ability to go through an exciting struggle with a full command of your nerves, and to receive "punishment" without loss of temper or that general demoralization which is so apt to follow a succession of hard hits, and which is popularly known as being "rattled." Many a pitcher, who would otherwise always be effective, loses at times half of his power by allowing his temper to get the better of him, or through his inability to keep cool and unruffled during a severe cannonading. I know a young pitcher who played last season on one of the prominent athletic clubs in the vicinity of New York, and who this coming season is an aspirant for honors in the professional ranks, who has all the requisites of a good pitcher, and if not batted in the early part of the game is wellnigh invincible; but he has this weakness, spoken of above, the inability to endure a little hard hitting without loss of temper. The consequence is that when such a contingency occurs he loses half of his effectiveness. Many a game I have seen him play, holding down the opposing batsmen to the scantiest number of hits, and it seemed as if it were impossible for them to "solve" his "curves" and "shoots." Then two or more hits, maybe, are made in succession. His temper becomes ruffled. He gathers himself together and hurls ball after ball over the plate, relying almost entirely on his speed. This mode of pitching just suits the batsman. There are men on the bases who have just made hits. The next man to the bat steps up to the plate, impatient to keep up the good work and ready and anxious to hit the ball as soon as possible; so ready and anxious, in fact, that he would be willing to accept a poor ball instead of waiting patiently for one that suits him. As soon as he takes his position the ball is sent with great speed over the middle of the plate. This is just what he wants. He strikes at it, and the chances are he makes a safe hit; and the next batter takes his turn, equally impatient to hit the ball as soon as possible; and so it may go on until enough hits have been made to render the game hopelessly lost.

Imagine now a pitcher of an opposite temperament in the like circumstances. He has been pitching effectively hitherto, but for some reason or other a few hits have been successively made off of his delivery, not because his pitching has been weaker, probably, but it has just so happened that the batters have met the ball squarely and "bunched" their hits. The next man comes to the bat to send his comrades round with another hard hit. This batsman is in a state of eagerness, and, what is dangerous from the pitcher's point of view, is confident of making the desired hit. Impatient, he is ready to hit at almost anything that comes along. It is not necessary to put the ball over the plate to induce him to swing his bat at it. Almost any ball within reasonable distance will tempt him. He thinks he can hit the ball, and he wants to hit it right off without delay. The bases are occupied, and the air is filled with the cheers and cries of the supporters of the rival team. A good ball quickly delivered is what will suit him best; but the pitcher, with his nerves under control and unmoved by the general excitement, is fully cognizant of the batter's state of mind. He is not to be worried out of the same coolness which he displayed at the opening of the game. Realizing the impatience of the batsman, he is naturally in no hurry to allay it. He takes his time. He coolly surveys his field, and gives them the opportunity to recover from any bad effects which the previous free batting may have occasioned. Then he faces the batsman. If he has pitched against him often enough, he is aware of any special weakness he may have, such as an inability to hit with effect a rising ball, an in-ball, a drop-curve, or the like, and he knows that that particular weakness is likely to be increased by his impatience to hit the ball at any hazard. He pitches accordingly, and the chances are the batsman is "retired," and what might have been a disastrous "streak" of batting has been stopped by the exercise of a little good judgment. The next man up is treated the same way, and the game is saved.

Of course I do not mean to imply that the pitcher has any "sure thing" in the case supposed above. It may very well happen that the third man hits the ball equally as hard as the man preceding him, and the man who follows may do so as well. That is the fortune of war. But even in such a case, in reviewing the game in his own mind afterwards, the pitcher realizes that the loss of the game was through no fault of his, and that no coolness or good judgment on his part could have averted it. He would be conscious of the fact that he had used his best physical skill in combination with his best and coolest judgment, and if that combination could not win the game, although he might be disappointed, he would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had done his best under trying circumstances.

Another essential qualification for success as a pitcher is the ability to "size up" the batsman, to find out his specialties and weaknesses, and to be able to take advantage of them. I have heard some ball-players say that they have batted against a certain pitcher so many times that they know his every motion, and can tell just what kind of a ball he is going to pitch, and that therefore they have got him entirely at their mercy. Judging from my own experience, however, I have found that the oftener I pitched against a batsman the more confident I was in my ability to mislead him. In other words, I believe that by frequent contact the pitcher can find out much more about the batsman than the latter can about the pitcher. Of course there are exceptions, but if the pitcher keeps his eyes open and watches closely the position of the batsman, his manner of swinging his bat, and any peculiarities he may have, a long acquaintance will operate much more to the advantage of the former than that of the latter. In fact, I think one of the most trying moments for a pitcher is when he faces a nine whom he has never met before, but whom he knows to be a heavy-batting team. He has no knowledge of any special weaknesses or peculiarities on their part, and has to regulate his pitching, so to speak, on general principles. Each man who comes to the bat is a fresh riddle to solve. Each has probably some weakness which it would be advantageous for the pitcher to



OUT-CURVE.

RISING OUT-CURVE—1.

RISING OUT-CURVE—2.

RISING OUT-CURVE—3.

know, but he can only find this out through experience. In the mean time, while he is making a study of these points, he must not be surprised at finding himself "touched up" by some batsmen, whom, after a more lengthened acquaintance, he may find little difficulty in disposing of. He may at first pitch him a certain ball which his after-acquired knowledge teaches him is the very one easiest for the batsman to hit.

This knowledge can only come from a careful and thorough study of each batsman as he takes his turn at the bat. Watch closely the position he takes and how he swings his bat. Try whether he can be tempted to "go out for" bad balls. If so, it may be comparatively easy to strike him out. See if he is inclined to be a "slugger," or is simply trying to "place" the ball. The hardest hitters are sometimes the easiest men to dispose of. I have always had much less fear of the man who tries to put the ball over the fence than of the man who only tries to place it over the in-fielders' heads. The former may be induced to strike at balls which there is no possibility of reaching. His idea is to "kill" the ball, and his terrific swings are so likely to lack aim and accuracy that it may not be difficult to induce him to "throw himself away" on balls that a more careful batsman would not be tempted to reach for. It is this careful batsman who gives the pitcher the most trouble. It is useless to tempt him with balls that are out of his reach. He will simply let them go by. It is in such a case as this that thorough control over the ball stands the pitcher in good stead. He realizes that the batsman will probably hit the ball, and it should be his endeavor to give him as bad a "good ball" as he can be tempted to swing his bat at; or, in other words, to "work the corners" of the plate.

OUT DROP-CURVE—1.

OUT DROP-CURVE—2.

The prime object of the pitcher being to deceive the batsman, he should use every means to accomplish this result. He should be very careful not to announce beforehand, by some little trick of gesture, or a certain way of holding the ball, as I have seen some pitchers do, that he is about to pitch a curve or a straight ball, as the case may be. The batsman should never be allowed to judge the character of the ball except by watching it as it comes to him. There should be nothing in the pitcher's mode of delivery to guide him. I have always tried to be very careful for this reason in regard to the signs between the catcher and myself to have them so disguised that it was impossible for the coachers to "give it away" to the batsman. I remember, in a game in which I was pitching some time ago, seeing one of the coachers of the opposing team signalling to the batsman the kind of ball he was to expect. He had "caught on" to the catcher's signs, which were being given rather too openly; but his "little knowledge" was a "dangerous thing," as he overlooked the answering sign by which I always let the catcher know whether I would pitch the ball originally signalled for or no. The consequence was that every ball I delivered was of a different character from the one the catcher gave the sign for, much to the amazement of the coacher and the disgust of the batsman, who, of course, was completely "tied up"—getting straight balls when he expected curves, and *vice versa*. It is needless to say that this information bureau was soon discontinued.

Of course the pitcher cannot rely on having this reactionary kind of assistance from the opposing coacher, and must try and make up his mind what sort of a ball is expected by the batsman. Very often the latter will indicate this by the way he holds his bat, the position he takes, and the like. A slight forward inclination, for instance, may inform the pitcher that he is prepared to "go out for" a curve, which, of course, he never gets, at least from the pitcher who keeps his eyes open.

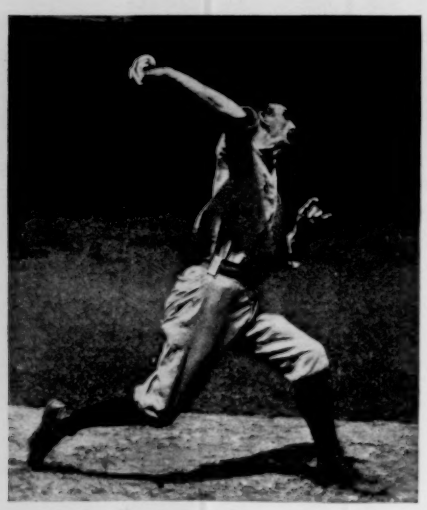
It is the usual practice with most pitchers that I have watched, when three balls have been called and they are in a "hole," in technical parlance, to deliver the next ball straight over the plate, if possible, and I think most batters expect this. For this reason I have always endeavored to obtain as good control over the drop ball as the straight, as it is especially useful in such a case as this to be able to deliver a ball which will be a "good ball" and yet of a different character from that expected. Of course, as soon as a batter knew my "game" a change was in order.

A further suggestion, which would appear to be very obvious if it were not for the fact that I have often seen it disregarded by pitchers who are generally considered effective and up in the "points" of the game, is this, that it is often good play at certain times in the game to allow a batter to take his base on balls in preference to allowing him a chance to hit the ball. I would never do this when there are no men on the bases, since the pitcher, even if he is only an "average" one, has the chances of retiring the batsman greatly in his favor. But when, two of the bases being occupied, with two men out, a strong batter comes to the bat, and you know he is succeeded by a much weaker one, it is often advisable to let the former go to his base on balls, and devote your energies to retiring the weaker man. Of course the "weaker" man may happen to make a safe hit, but that is an unavoidable accident. I remember a game where I was pitching on the Staten Island Cricket and Baseball Club team against the Englewood Field Club. It was in the last half of the ninth inning, and the score was tied. Second and third bases were occupied by base-runners. The next man to the bat was a very hard hitter. I think it was Cummings, who is now playing on the Columbia College nine. I would have given him his base on balls, but on asking who followed him, I found that it was one of those "place" hitters who are so formidable to the pitcher in a tight place, and I felt that my best chance was with Cummings, who was something of a "slugger." I had this in my favor, that he showed in every motion his impatience to hit the ball. Consequently I was able to tempt him with a ball which was a very poor one to hit, and which resulted in a foul fly to third.

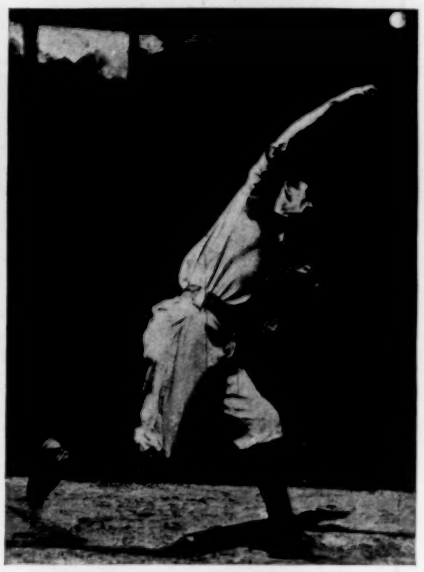
In another game, against the Staten Island Athletic Club, I remember filling the bases by purposely giving Van Zant, who was a very heavy hitter, his base on balls, and then being fortunate enough to dispose of Brush, the succeeding batsman. The latter on his next turn at the bat, however, drove the ball over the left-field fence for a home run, fortunately with no men on the bases. What a *beautiful* laugh there would have been at my expense if he had made this hit the time before, and yet I would have been perfectly right in taking the chance of such a catastrophe, as Van Zant was undoubtedly much the *safer* hitter of the two.

Many runs are often let in by the pitcher by rash and indiscriminate throwing to bases to catch the base runner napping. Of course it is necessary to hold the base-runner as near the base as possible, to prevent his getting such a start that the catcher is unable to prevent his "stealing" the next base, but to do this it is not necessary to keep up a perpetual cannonading. I have always found this a very good rule to follow, namely, never to throw to a base unless you think you have a *very good* chance to put the runner out. You can always keep him close by a "bluff," whereas if you keep on throwing to the baseman, it is only a question of time when one of your throws will go wild or be missed, advancing the runner a base or scoring a run.

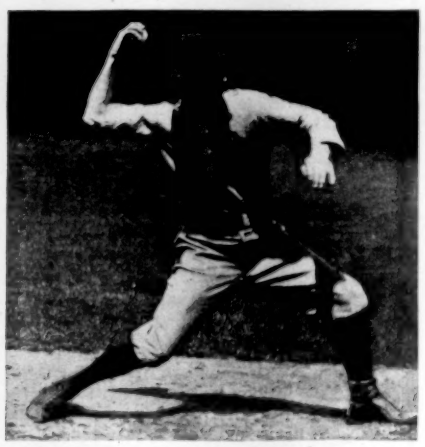
Before concluding I wish to say that if the foregoing hints and suggestions should seem to have a little too much "instructiveness" of the kindergarten order about them, a most humble apology is hereby tendered, and I can only urge in defence of their perhaps too obvious and elementary character the fact that I see them daily disregarded by pitchers who, I rather think, would be highly indignant at being considered neophytes in the game.



STRAIGHT DROP—1.



STRAIGHT DROP—2.



STRAIGHT OVERHAND THROW.

A COMANCHE SORPRESA.

As an equestrian performance it is great, and it carries out the Indian idea of humor to perfection. But the Comanche sorpresa is too practical a joke to suit even the free and tolerant Western notions of campers upon the prairie, who are its victims. It is upon such a night scene as our encampment on the Staked Plains that the wild red riders love to precipitate their dramatic surprise.

Supper of antelope steak, bacon, hot bread, and coffee has been eaten, and the waning embers of the little fire of sage-brush and bull chips at which it was cooked have died down to ashes. About it the men sit on wagon tongues and rolled-up blankets, talking over such topics as suggest themselves upon these lonely plains, the hunting-ground of the Comanche, and path of his forays upon the Texas settlements and northern states of Mexico before his villages were placed within reservation limits in the Indian Territory to the north. Off in the darkness our horses and mules are grazing, watched by an armed herder.

"I saw Injun signs out on the bluffs to the north today. A band of seven or eight, a dozen maybe, have been filing along one of their old trails since the rain three days ago. They were Comanches or Kiowas from the reservation."

This remark by Cray, our guide and hunter.

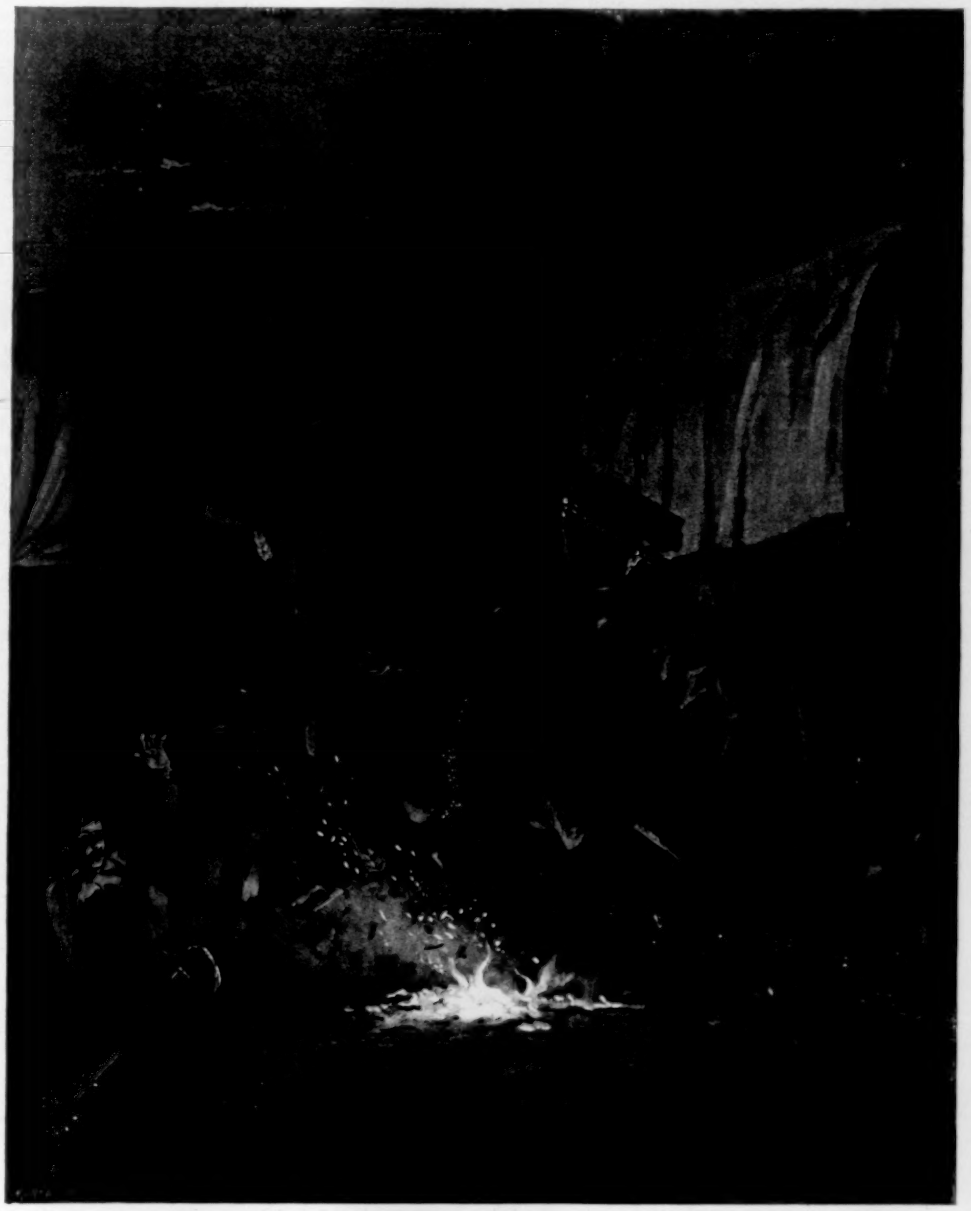
"You don't think they're on the war-path, do you?" the tenderfoot asks, rather hurriedly.

"An Injun's always on the war-path when he thinks it's safe to be," said the old plainsman. "We're too near their reservation for 'em to try to get our scalps or to run off our horses, unless they caught 'em straying, but if I was out alone on the prairie I wouldn't let 'em get too near me. These Injuns that slip off the reservation without leave are mostly young bucks ready for any devilment."

The night is moonless and starlit, cool, as it always is upon these high plains. Some of the party have selected sleeping-places on the smooth hard ground, and are unrolling their blankets. Pete, the negro cook, has picked up his banjo, on which to strum a good-night plantation air. Cray, who has just spread on the ground the big buffalo-skin which has been his bed for many years, lifts his head to listen.

"There are horses moving off there toward the bluff," he says. "If it's wild mustangs, they may lead our horses off, and leave us afoot. If it's—"

His words are lost in a clatter of hoofs which breaks sharply upon us, a pandemonium of yells, as if the fiends of hell had broken loose; a cloud suddenly appearing from the darkness as suddenly takes shape in leaping mustangs and wild forms upon them; and before most of us realize what it means, yells and trampling are upon the camp, and the Comanches have swept through it like a fornado. Amid the tumult of hoofs and cries there is, in their passing, a momentary glimpse of wild, gesticulating, half-naked forms, paint-bedaubed, with streaming hair, guiding the swift steeds. Some of us instinctively jump for shelter behind the wagons, the Indians darting their horses at the escaping figures. Bottomley, the Englishman, who is not alert to think or move, is bowled over like a tenpin by the breast of a mustang, whose hind hoofs graze his face as he leaps over him. The tenderfoot, barely missing the brunt of an onset by another pony, is brushed like a straw to one side, and falls among the wagon wheels, where he wisely remains. Two teamsters rolled in their blankets are overleaped, knocked about, and bruised by glancing hoofs, but miraculously escape serious injury; and Pete's banjo, the broken strings dangling like the ropes of a balloon, goes aloft in the air as the sable owner tumbles backward over a wagon tongue.



"A MOMENTARY GLIMPSE OF WILD, GESTICULATING, HALF-NAKED FORMS."—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

As the whoops and trampling leave the camp behind, we tumble and jostle about for firearms—laid heedlessly aside, and hard to find in a hurry. Yells and hoof-beats resound in diminishing cadence from shadowy forms of men and horses vanishing into the night, while Cray's rifle, the first to speak, sends after them a whistling ball, followed by a scattered and useless fusillade from our tardily collected rifles and revolvers, ending up with the fire-cracker popping of the tenderfoot's ridiculous little 22-calibre revolver. Then the sound of two sharp cracks from the revolver of our herder off in the darkness tells us that he is alive and on the alert.

If any of the Indians are hurt, we do not find it out then or afterward. A derisive laugh floats back to us, the yells and trampling grow fainter, and as the Comanches pass beyond hearing, we turn to pick up our fallen men, none, fortunately, seriously hurt. Our camp equipage to rights, we go to our rest with weapons in readiness for the event of another sorpresa, which, however, does not come.

CLARENCE PULLEN.

THE KIEL CANAL.

WITH science as an auxiliary, man finds few insuperable obstacles in nature. The successful cutting of an immense waterway across the Danish peninsula substantially solves the problem of all similar undertakings in the New World, as well as the Old. For ages the death-dealing and dangerous straits circumvallating the headlands of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway have been the despair of Baltic commerce. For centuries vague projects of canalling across the mainland have been discussed, with little hope of ever realizing the prodigious scheme. With the confederation of the German states the project became more of a possibility, as it became still more essential to the development of the empire's vast schemes of commercial and military predominance. Aside from the dangers of the natural channel from the North Sea to the Baltic, for months in the year these tortuous and rock-cumbered straits are frozen solidly, blocking navigation to the most adventurous mariners. Russia and the Scandinavian seaports were virtually cut off from the world's commerce during severe winters, and at no time enjoyed certain egress into the ocean.

The stupendous undertaking now completed, the North Sea and Baltic Canal, forever unlocks these wintry seas, and makes Russia and the Baltic ports as accessible as the Mediterranean. Most of the fleets of Christendom and an impressive array of the potentialities of Europe will assemble at Kiel to witness perhaps the most imposing pageant in the development of the new German Empire. When the Kiel locks are swung open and the imperial cortége passes into the new waterway, the spectators will find themselves afloat upon a broad stream so much like a river that it will be difficult to tell where nature ends and science begins. The width of the canal from bank to bank is 217 feet, the width at the bottom 86 feet, the depth from end to end 30 feet, accommodating the largest vessels afloat. At nearly regular distances capacious basins have been provided for maritime emergencies in war and peace. The rate of speed prescribed in the regulations is five miles an hour; but in case of war the battle-ships can go at their swiftest rate. An ordinary passage will require about thirteen hours.

The channel fairly releases a new world to easy ocean traffic. Russian ports are brought several days nearer the ocean and main lines of navigation. The most dangerous and perplexing waterway in the world is avoided, and it is foreseen that Denmark and the Scandinavian ports must prepare for an almost complete extinction of their maritime prosperity. Copenhagen, long the greatest port in northern Europe, has already realized the effect of the new route. The city has been declared a free port, and every conceivable device called in play to retain something of her threatened commerce. While limitlessly expanding Germany's commercial resources, the canal doubles the empire's naval power, though on the inception of the project authorities as weighty as Von Moltke regarded it with distrust. The old marshal declared that it would entail an army corps at least to guard it during war. The commercial instinct of the German people saw clearly the prodigious profit to be derived from such a channel, and under the impulse of Bismarck the immense work was begun in 1888, when the old Emperor William laid the first stone. The plans were drawn by a Dane, Herr Dahlstrom, and the waterway runs entirely through Holstein, the Danish territory seized and annexed by Prussia in 1864. Beginning at the small town of Holtzenau, on the Baltic, three and a half miles north of Kiel, the channel runs south by west to the small port of Brunsbüttel, on the Elbe, almost facing Cuxhaven, the port of Hamburg, and about twenty-eight miles from the latter city. The sixty-three miles traversed by the canal, from the Baltic to the Elbe, are almost a level, offering no serious difficulty in the construction of locks. The main engineering perplexities were the passing of streams, crossing highways and railroads. The average level of the canal will vary but trifflingly from the waters in Kiel Harbor, which rise for about three weeks in the winter. During the rest of the year the lock at Kiel will be kept constantly open. The main locks at Brunsbüttel and Holtzenau are of substantially the same dimensions, 500 feet long, 83 feet wide, and 32 feet deep on the silt. These locks were put in rather for ultimate contingencies than present needs. Immense granite breakwaters protect the main embouchures both from the seas and fleets in case of war. The Brunsbüttel Harbor is 1520 feet in length and 328 feet wide, but its uses are merely transitory. The inflow of the Elbe, where the canal debouches, runs with enormous rapidity, compelling the closure of the canal gates when vessels are not passing. The force of the currents, however, is reckoned an advantage, as their action will keep the water in the canal-way pure and "live," thus securing a natural scouring of the channel and the stone embankments.

Four railways crossing the canal have been bridged at such a height, or provided with draws, that will admit the largest vessels and highest masts afloat. Ten highways are similarly provided. Besides these, sixteen new ferryways have been added to the local traffic to lessen the strain upon the main causeway. The highest span is at Gruenthal, near the Elbe terminus, where a remarkable structure rises 137 feet sheer above the canal level. The mass excavated from the sixty-three miles of waterway amounted to 67,000,000 cubic yards; the number of men engaged in removing it varied during the eight years employed in the cutting from 5000 to 10,000. The estimated cost was $37,440,000, and the excess will not reach a million. The time stipulated was eight years, and the contract has been rigidly kept. The labor engaged was paid at the rate of from $1 to $1 50 for skilled artisans. The inspectors and engineers were under imperial control, hence not a day was wasted, not a penny misapplied, not a vestige of "scamp-work" from end to end. The most difficult cut was a morass, impossible to drain. The engineers overcame this by transporting the heavy sand from the Kiel end, piling it on the marshy tract until its weight displaced the sedgy soil and gave the machines a purchase.

The immediate and tangible gain derived from the Baltic Canal is the absolute security of the merchant fleets, hitherto forced to navigate the perilous passes between Denmark and the North. Since 1858 there are records of 3500 total wrecks, and about the same number of mishaps of a less serious character, all, however, destructive to commerce. Since 1877 more than 1000 lives have been lost; no skill, no prevision, can secure the mariner against the sudden squalls, ice-floes, jagged rocks, and natural impediments that bristle in the system of narrow straits that surround the Jutland peninsula. It is confidently reckoned that the new canal will revolutionize Northern traffic. In view of this, Russia has constructed a waterway for the largest vessels to St. Petersburg, which will hereafter be a seaport. Besides this, all the available harbors on the Baltic coasts have been enlarged and properly protected to accommodate the argosies of the

world. Hamburg, already one of the most flourishing ports of Europe, counts on rivalling Liverpool within a few years, and from the statistics of past traffic the hope does not seem delusive. Königsberg, Memel, and Lübeck have capacious ports, and, with a safe and short channel to the North Sea, millions of tons of produce now sent by other routes will naturally choose the shorter lines for Black Sea and Asiatic ports by way of the German harbors. It is a melancholy consideration that this event, which has such prodigious possibilities for European commerce, has absolutely no importance for the United States. During the last thirty-five years but one vessel of

LINE OF THE KIEL CANAL CONNECTING THE NORTH SEA WITH THE BALTIC SEA.

American register is recorded as entering the Baltic Sea. In a military sense the canal more than doubles the effectiveness of the German fleets. In time of war they can be shifted from the Elbe to the Baltic in a few hours, while an enemy will be compelled to navigate the dangerous channels embracing the whole peninsula, losing two or three days in the circuit. The canal, in case of war, is protected by arsenals and forts at all the salient points of its course, and, with the fleet, could hold an entire army in check attacking from the north, as the French plan of operation contemplated in 1870.

SIDE NOTES FROM THE ASIATIC WAR.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

By letters and newspapers from China I get some interesting news of the Japan-China war. One private correspondent, speaking of the Japanese army, says: "Everything connected with the campaign down to the minutest detail has hitherto been carefully considered and admirably carried out. In each district where their army has been successful, civil administration at once follows, and everybody and everything fits into its place instantly, with the smoothness of clock-work. The Japanese soldiers are splendidly taken care of. They suffer from cold, being singularly afraid of it and distressed by it, but they are well fed and sheltered, and every man in the ranks is provided with a thick coat lined with sheepskin."

The correspondent at the front for the Shanghai *Mercury* tells of the establishment of the first Red Cross hospital among the Chinese. It is in a house known as General Sen's reception hall, close to the Southern Fort at Chefoo. Dr. Douthwaite, resident medical missionary, deserves the credit for the innovation. When he first told General Sen that he wanted to establish a hospital for the care of the wounded Chinamen, Sen was highly amused. As we know, a Chinese soldier is the meanest creature in the empire—a tramp, a poor devil who soldiers because he cannot get anything else to do. He is abused by fellow-countrymen and foreigner alike, and the *Mercury* man puts his case better than I have ever seen it put when he says of him that he is "fed on the most sumptuous occasions with biscuits as hard as his own bullets, paid at a few —a very few—irregular periods throughout the year, when his commander wills, clad in a bundle of rags, over which reposes a tawdry jacket—the recipient, in fact, of treatment that a foreigner would not extend to his dog." General Sen was amused at the idea of the "Jesus Christ man"—as they call a Christian—wanting to do anything for such a Tommy Atkins as that. But the missionary insisted, and the general consulted with the Taotai, or governor. This mandarin wanted to know whether the missionary would also care for the wounded Japanese, and asked whether any one was so insane as to suppose that he would permit a building of his to be used for the care of the black dwarfs who were coming there to slaughter his people. The brave missionary replied that he would take the Japanese into his own hospital, and would shoot the first Chinaman who molested them after he got them there. When it was made known that the Red Cross flag over the building would protect it from the enemy, the general gave the building to the doctor, and lent ten soldiers to him to be trained in ambulance-work. When they were made useful they were taken away, and three times the doctor drilled squads of men and then saw them ordered away. At last the doctor secured a promise that if he trained another batch they would not be taken from him, and more than that, the Chinese officials brought medicines and hospital fixtures. Time passed. Wei-hai-wei was not attacked, and the scare abated. On one day the doctor found his hospital in use for the manufacture of dynamite bombs. The Chinese thought that under the Red Cross flag they could carry on an arsenal, and during the attack by the Japanese the work of making explosives could go on without check or hinderance.

The doctor cured the Chinese mind of this aberration, and at last, at the end of January, the attack on Wei-hai-wei fed the hospital with wounded men. A Miss Dobson, a professional nurse from England, came along and taught the two daughters of a missionary how to do hospital work, while several foreign ladies supplied bandages and lint. Then came revelations of the uselessness of the trained ambulance men. Nothing could induce them to go out where the fighting was to gather up the wounded, and in-doors they stole the covering of the patients and took it to their own beds to keep them warm at night. One of them was caught emptying the pockets of a wounded comrade. The young girls had a fearful ordeal to pass through in attending while terrible wounds were dressed and limbs were being amputated. Every one was amazed at the phlegm of the wounded Chinese. They made excellent patients; indeed, each one was patience personified. They were fearfully frost-bitten in some instances as well as wounded. The work of the Japanese bullets was marvellous. In almost every case the bullets passed through the men's bodies.

The greatest bit of humor thus far developed by the war is an unconscious fragment, and therefore all the funnier. It is in the form of a proclamation by Wu, Assistant Imperial Commissioner of Defence, an officer of the first rank, President of the Board of War, Vice-President of the Court of Censors, and Governor of the Province of Hunan. The proclamation is addressed to the invading Japanese, and has been done into English for the North China *Daily News*.

"Having perfected more than fifty battalions of Hunan troops at Shan-hai-kwan" (says Governor Wu) "for the last three months, and given my men thorough drills, and armed them with magazine rifles, I am now ready to proceed forth on my way to meet the enemy, and it is certain that within two months decisive battles will be fought.

"But how can you Japanese, exhausted by disease and cold, stand up against my fresh troops? You Japanese have young wives and children at home who are weeping and longing for your safe return; you are but the tools of Otori; you have been forced by conscription to make your bodies the receptacles of our bullets. When you are victorious your generals get all the praise and honor; if you get defeated they escape while you common soldiers suffer.

"I am, however, also of a charitable state of mind, and I cannot bear to see you going to destruction before my fresh battalions in this severe cold through no fault of your own. Hence I hereby give you Japanese soldiers notice, if you should be defeated and have no place to run away to, wherever you should see my signal-boards bearing the words 'Surrender and avoid death,' you may at once present yourselves to the officers in charge, who are also delegated to the duty on account of their reputation for charity and justice; you must then throw down your arms and prostrate yourselves before the signal. You will then be received into our encampments and given two meals a day and exactly the same treatment as our own people.

"You will not be put to hard labor, and when peace is restored you will be sent back in steamers to your homes to meet your wives and sons once more. I swear before heaven, earth, and the gods that I will not go back on these words, for by so doing I will be injuring my own future life. But if you will not harken to my words, let us try conclusions with your best troops. Victory will rest with the best men in three battles. My experience of military matters for the past fifteen years makes me confident in the quality and ability of my troops."

This document is dated "Shan-hai-kwan, first moon, twenty-first year of Kwanghsü." As the brain product of a general who would rather do anything than fight, but who does not want to say so, it is certainly adroit. It should stand as the best expression we have yet seen of the temper of the Chinese in this war—boastful, blatant, and yet timid at heart.

AN ELECTRIC LIGHT-SHIP.

To the United States belongs the credit of establishing the first electrically lighted light-vessel in the world. Although it is still the sole representative of its class, its success will undoubtedly lead to the building and equipping of similar ships.

Sandy Hook Light-Ship No. 51 is stationed about six miles off Sandy Hook, on the prolongation of Gedneys Channel, and is thus visible from every vessel entering the port of New York from the ocean. The vessel was built at West Bay City, Michigan, completed in July, 1892, and was first stationed for experimental use off Cornfield Point, Connecticut, on Long Island Sound. After two years' trial the vessel proved so satisfactory that it was transferred to its present location.

The ship is 118 feet 10 inches long over all, 26 feet 6 inches beam, and has a depth of hold of 14 feet 6 inches. It is painted red. There are two masts, and four lens lanterns on each mast, hung in brackets at a height of 55 feet above the water. Just below the lamps are built round platforms with low wire railings, painted black, to serve as day marks. The lanterns have totally reflecting prisms, and each contains one 100-candle-power incandescent lamp. These lamps give a much stronger and clearer light than the old-fashioned oil lamps. They necessitate, however, a considerable plant to operate them, and skilled engineers to run the plant. For the electric-light plant there are two horizontal high-speed engines of the "Ideal" type, capable of developing eight-horse power at normal speed with 70 pounds of steam. There are two dynamos of the Thompson-Houston type. As the vessel shows a light on only one mast, it is customary to use each set of lamps and machinery on alternate weeks. In case of a break-down, the lights on the other mast can be started up immediately. The engines and dynamos are so arranged that by means of friction cones either engine can run either or both dynamos. In the electric circuit there is a flashing device for alternately opening and closing at regular intervals the circuits to the incandescent lamps at the mast-heads without affecting the other lamps which are used to illuminate the deck and other parts of the vessel. The main engine is of the compound inverted surface condensing type, with an indicated horse-power of 140. This engine operates the screw propeller by means of which the vessel can be navigated and kept in the neighborhood of its position in the event of its breaking away from its moorings. There are two main boilers of steel with a tensile strength of 60,000 pounds, and constructed for a maximum steam pressure of 110 pounds. There are besides a donkey-engine and boiler which are employed to run the steam-windlass, to heat the vessel, and to blow the steam-whistle which is used in foggy weather. The whistle has a diameter of twelve inches, and its hoarse blasts of three seconds' duration at twelve seconds' intervals warn mariners of the vessel's location in thick weather.

Special consideration was given in the construction of the vessel to the peculiar service for which it was designed. The strain on a ship which must lie always at anchor in an exposed position, even in the most violent weather, is something tremendous. The hull is of iron construction throughout, with a tensile strength of 48,000 pounds. It is fitted with two continuous deck stringers, and is stiffened with breasthooks, five keelsons, and two outside bilge-keels. The plating itself varies from one-half to five-sixteenths of an inch in thickness.

The vessel is divided by four main bulkheads extending to the main-deck, and has a wrecking pump with eight-inch suction in case of any accident occurring to the hull. There is a raised forecastle forty-five feet in length, and a deck-house. The stern is elliptical, and the bow nearly straight. The ship is moored by means of a 2-inch chain cable which passes through a hawse-hole directly in the centre of the bow. Spare anchors are carried, and another 2-inch and a 1¼-inch spare chains, which can be run out through hawse-holes either side the bow, as in ordinary vessels. These cables are all operated by a steam-windlass.

Through the courtesy of Captain Calkins, Mr. Burns the artist was enabled to spend several days on board, and to make his sketches on the spot. He found the vessel very comfortably fitted up. The accommodations consist of one cabin, with four state-rooms for the officers, and beds for twelve men forward.

The crew consists of four officers, a captain, a mate, a chief engineer, and an assistant engineer, and a crew of eight men, including three firemen, four seamen, and a cook. Although the crew is so large the monotony of the life on board becomes very irksome. In order that all hands may be occupied as much of the time as possible the ship is kept as neat as a man-of-war, and the boiler and dynamo rooms are as clean and dainty as a lady's parlor.

Whenever the weather permits, each member of the ship's company is allowed ten days in each month ashore, eight men always remaining on board while four are on shore liberty.

As, however, the officers and crew have to depend on the courtesy of the New York pilots to take them ashore and to put them aboard again, "shore liberty" is often a rather uncertain and irregular quantity.

There is some talk of making telegraphic connection between the ship and the shore this summer, and of placing an operator on board to report the arrival of vessels —an experiment which has already been successfully tried on the Scotland Light-Ship. In this event it is likely that some more regular and frequent means of communication with the shore will be established.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Eugene Field countenances the probability "that a good many calmly observant people will love Professor Nordau for the enemies he has made." Furthermore, he records his confidence that the professor is "amply qualified to defend himself against any of the adversaries that his remarkable book has raised up."

Perhaps so, but will he be able to maintain his indictment of the age in which we live? Is it really such an excessively wearing age as he and other complainants aver? Are we destroying our nervous systems by our hustling? Do we shock our nerves all to pieces reading the casualty columns in the newspaper, and impair the efficiency of our backbones by subjecting them to the jar of railroad and cable-car and trolley-car travel? The rush of modern life, especially in the centres of population, certainly has a tendency to keep people awake. One must have his wits about him in the streets of our cities if he is not to be run over. One must be pretty constantly alert, and read his newspaper frequently and quickly, if he hopes to keep the run of events. But to a great extent the physical organs respond to the stimulation of the intellectual faculties. Men of feeble physique have sustained a very high degree of intellectual activity through long lives. Their brains and their wills have kept them alive; have forced reluctant stomachs and sluggish livers to do their work. Rust and dry-rot will destroy a machine more quickly than work. If some of us agitate and work ourselves into a degenerate condition, at least we are less exposed than our grandfathers were to the dangers that lurk in mental inactivity. Not only do strong men thrive on strenuous labor, but weak men sometimes live on it. Mr. Tilden, who was physically as feeble a person as the illustration of a theory could demand, lived to be seventy-two years old, and supported a prodigious intellectual activity during nearly all of his life. The world ran somewhat slower when he began to live in it, but before he finished what may justly be called his race, it had attained a very pronounced celerity of gait. Most men fool away more of their strength than they use. If the strenuousness of the times compels them to husband their energies it will do them good instead of harm. It does seem to have that effect in this generation. There is a noticeable disposition among men who have work to do to use the time that rapid transit and rapid everything else saves in replenishing strength and invigorating hard-worked systems with fresh air and exercise. We don't drink as our grandfathers did. We can't afford to. We haven't time. We might afford the time to do the drinking, but we can no longer spare the morning of the next day.

There is a decided Jack-the-Giant-Killer interest in Mr. Bigelow's life of Tilden. The feats the man accomplished seem so out of all proportion to his strength that the story of them keeps the mind on a stretch of pleasurable wonderment. When Tilden was a child three years old he had an illness, in the treatment of which the doctor gave him laudanum. It spoiled his stomach, and he never

afterwards had a digestion that was of much use except as a curiosity. But it was all the stomach he had, and he had to use it; and though, as Mr. Bigelow says, it made his life, like Pope's, "one long disease," it was a disease that constantly took most interesting and surprising turns. At the age when most children find delight in stuffing their stomachs, his resource was to stuff his mind. He never played games as other boys do, and was as inapt in the use of his hands as Lord Macaulay himself, but at twenty he was a mature man, deeply versed in politics and political economy, and able to say what venerable statesmen found it worth while to listen to. The story of his life is the story of a remarkable outfit of intellectuals geared to a physique of which the best that can be said is that it had neither appetites nor passions that in any way interfered with any course of action that the intellectuals found good. Mr. Tilden did not have very much fun, but he enjoyed many satisfactions, some of them profound. He was fortunate in this, that of the two great disappointments with which he was concerned only one occurred during his lifetime, and of that one history promises to hold that he was not so much the victim as the hero.

Miss Kate Field, exhausted for the time being by the grip and by various and protracted labors, and afflicted by the loss of two invaluable subeditors—one by marriage and the other by the force of example—has suspended the publication of her weekly *Washington*, and hied herself to Newport for rest and recuperation and to contest a will. Miss Field's journal "breaks even," owes no man anything, leaves no delinquencies or unfulfilled engagements behind it, and hopes to start again some time when its author and owner shall feel like reviving it. Miss Field has achieved a considerable feat. Any one can start a newspaper, but to stop one gracefully and solvently without loss of prestige or money after it has run four or five years is an exploit of quite another size.

Mayor Strong is about to be a beneficiary of the ancient and pleasant practice of the city of New York to adorn the front steps of the house of its Mayor with two handsome lamps, which are kept clean and burning not only during the Mayor's term of office, but as long afterwards as he continues to live in the same house. The custom is worth observing because of its antiquity (it dates from the days of New Amsterdam and the Dutch), because it is an evidence of sentiment in a matter-of-fact age, and because it offers some slight inducement to ex-Mayors to *live* permanently in one place. Anything that hinders a New York man from moving every third year is good in itself, and fit to be encouraged on grounds of public policy. The lamps are of less practical use than they were in old times, before the streets were lighted, but still they identify the Mayor's house, and make it easy to find for belated strangers in haste to be married.

John Burroughs, postmaster and fruit-grower at West Park on Hudson, and author of *Wake Robin*, is a capable farmer, as his father was before him. But his taste for agriculture was a late growth. In early life, it seems, his idea of a future was to be rich. He is quoted as telling this story: "There was a phrenologist who came around the county where I lived and felt all our heads. When he came to mine he exclaimed at it. 'Here's a boy,' he said, 'who will amass great wealth. All his ideas will be of money and money-making. He will always be engaged in great affairs, and will be immensely rich, and a power in that line.'" Then Mr. Burroughs laughed, and added: "The trouble was he struck the wrong boy. It's a pity he hadn't gone in next door and got hold of the boy there, for that boy was Jay Gould. We went to school together."

There is a sign of the times in the action taken last week by Dr. Leighton Parks, of Emanuel Church, in Boston, who gave notice at morning service on the last Sunday in April that thereafter he would hold a Sunday service at 8.30 A.M., for the benefit of bicyclists and persons who wanted to spend the day out-of-doors. He remarked upon a growing tendency of persons who went to church in winter to substitute some out-of-door sport or recreation for church-going during the summer months. He pointed out the evil influence of various Sunday sports, however innocent in themselves, but in order that there might be no excuse for persons who said that church services as usually held broke up the entire day, he provided the early morning service.

The chief complaint against Sunday outings is that they interfere with church-going. Dr. Parks seems not to believe in the expediency of Sunday sports, but still he tries to provide those who differ from him with such religious privileges as fit their summer habits. His example may be useful to other Protestant clergymen who find it hard to hold a summer congregation.

The bill incorporating the new hospital for infectious diseases, described on page 441, has just passed the Legislature. Sixty-two thousand dollars in all has been contributed, and $14,000 more is needed. Subscriptions or pledges payable next fall may be sent to Mrs. John W. Minturn, 22 Washington Square, North, New York.

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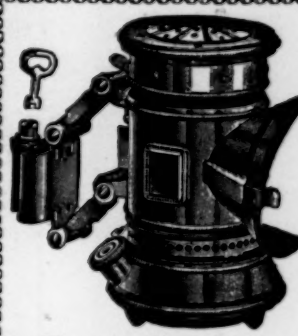

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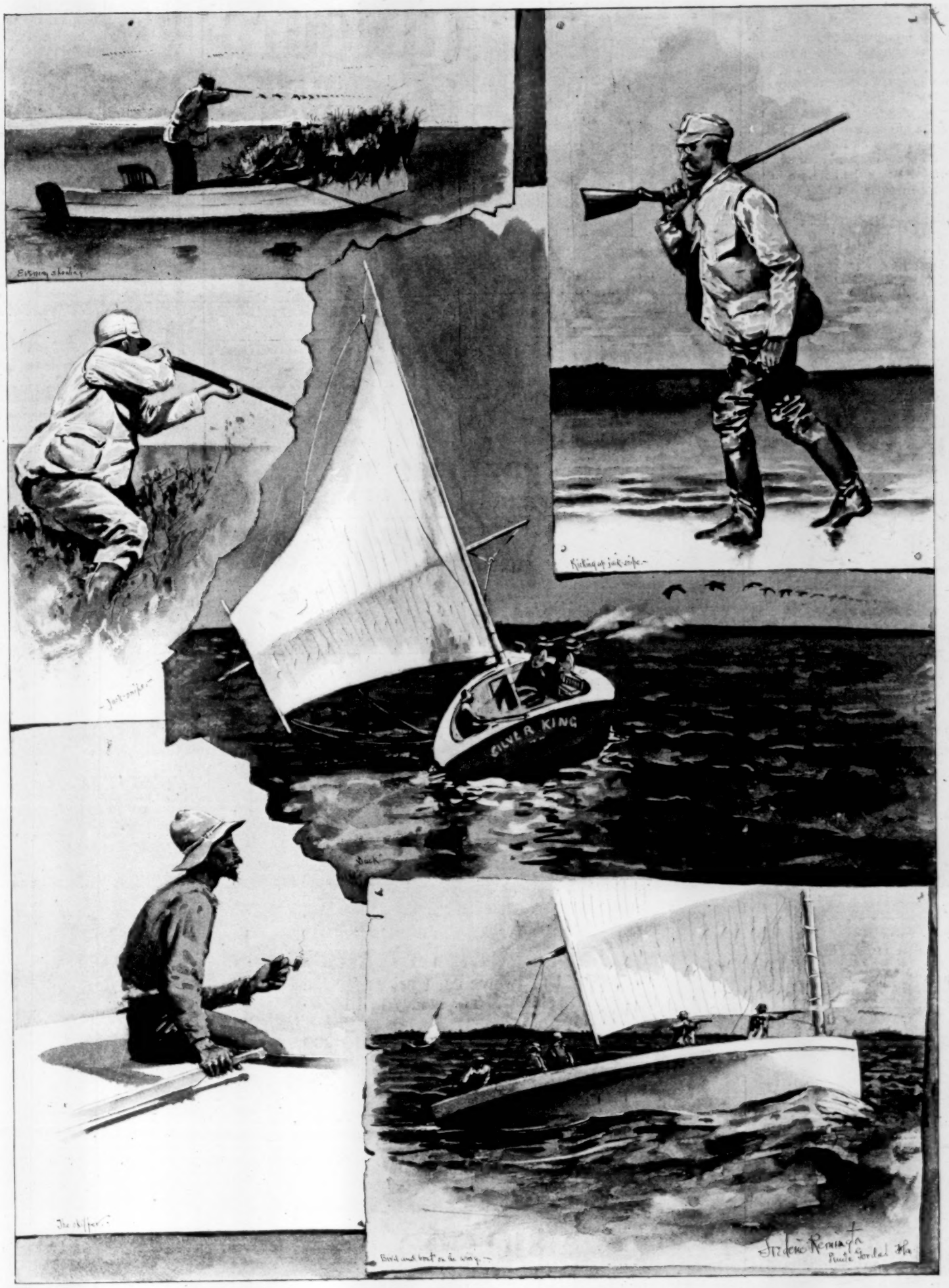

WINTER SHOOTING ON THE GULF COAST OF FLORIDA.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

WINTER SHOOTING ON THE GULF COAST OF FLORIDA.

At that period in the year when the bad old lung and the inflamed bronchial tube and the festive catarrh get in their work, the fellow who likes to be amused goes off to the Mediterranean, and the fellow who likes to amuse himself hies him to Florida.

There is no reason why any one should go to Cuba, so far as I can see, and Arizona is as yet not properly appreciated by "lungers" and sportsmen as a winter resort, although it is the superior place.

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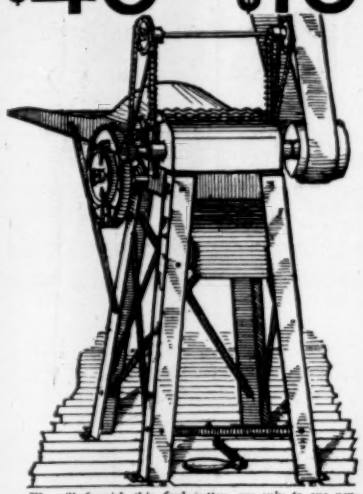

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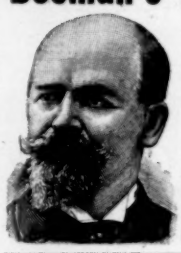

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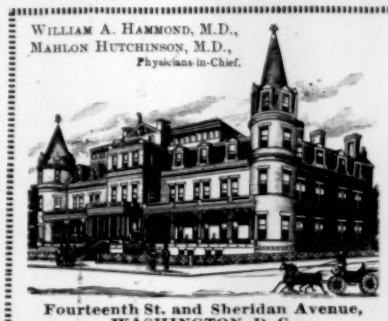

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